THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE CHRISTMAS ISSUE
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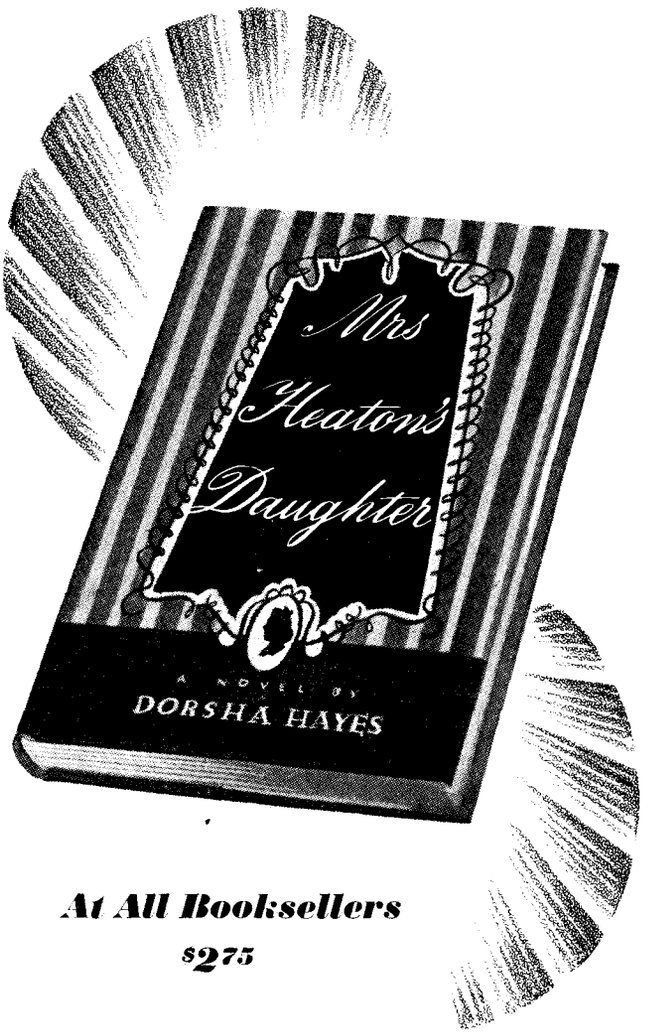

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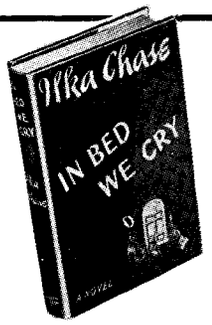

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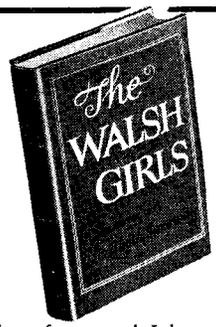

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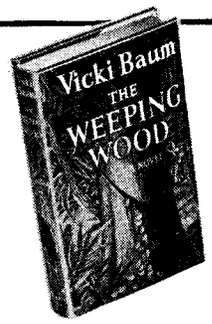

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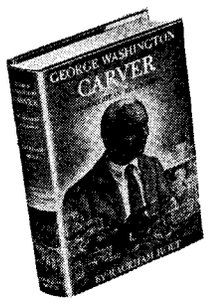

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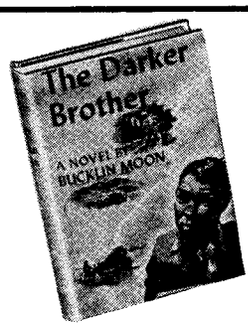

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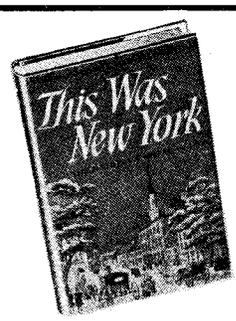

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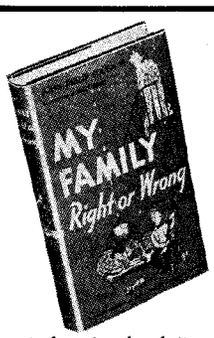

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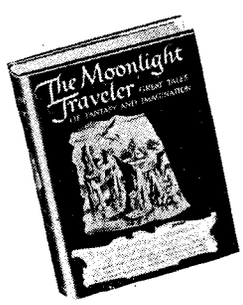

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Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man

KONRAD HEIDEN

EDITOR'S NOTE: *One of the important forthcoming new books is Konrad Heiden's "Der Fuehrer," an exhaustive and searching account and analysis of National Socialism and its principal actors. Mr. Heiden's two previous studies were "A History of Nationalism," and "Adolf Hitler." The following article is drawn from an early chapter in the book. The publisher is Houghton Mifflin.*

AT the end of the nineteenth century, the painter or the poet or philosopher was a kind of king; the Renaissance figures of the poet-prince and the royal artist dominated society. Makart in Vienna, and Lenbach in Munich—two painters little known abroad and by now half forgotten in their own country—were in their time more impressive rulers than the true princes, giving laws to society and form to human lives, and in return receiving fame and earthly goods in abundance. Young Adolf Hitler wanted to become something of this sort. But the sharp, suspicious eye of his father, Alois Hitler, may have penetrated the lack of seriousness of the youthful plan and wanted to anchor his son's frivolous mind in a serious profession.

This was the source of the fights between father and son—this, and probably all the other conflicts which can create strife between a ten-year-old son and a father of nearly sixty. It was Adolf Hitler's first great struggle, and by his own admission he conducted it with great fears, with lies and secretiveness, and with a degree of scheming that was almost suicidal. He decided, so he tells us, to punish his father by becoming frivolous and lazy: "What gave me pleasure I learned; what . . . was otherwise unattractive to me, I sabotaged completely."

Perhaps this is true; it is certainly true that his brilliant beginnings in school were soon reversed. In 1900, he entered a secondary school in Linz, and in the very first year made such a poor showing that he was not promoted. To judge by his son's story, the father must have been greatly grieved. One son was already in prison, and now the second was doing badly. But his weak mother took the son with the disquieting good-for-nothing propensities under her protection.

With the death of Alois Hitler, young Adolf, fourteen, was now free from the paternal discipline, and his mother offered no resistance. He spent five more years with her in "downy softness" and "in the hollowness of comfortable life"—in his own story there is a note of smugness in his self-reproaches. He changed his school, attended a secondary school in the near-by city of Steyr; his laziness remained unchanged. His last school report for the fourth class of the *Staatsrealschule* in Steyr, issued on September 16, 1905, may give an approximate picture of Adolf Hitler, the scholar:

	First Semester	*Second Semester*
Moral conduct	satisfactory	satisfactory
Diligence	unequal	adequate
Religion	adequate	satisfactory
German language	inadequate	adequate
Geography and history	adequate	satisfactory
Mathematics	inadequate	satisfactory
Chemistry	adequate	adequate
Physics	satisfactory	adequate
Geometry and geometrical drawing	adequate	inadequate* adequate**
Free-hand drawing	laudable	excellent
Gymnastics	excellent	excellent
Stenography	inadequate	.....
Singing	.....	satisfactory
External form of written work	displeasing	displeasing

*Repetitive examination permitted. **In consequence of repetitive examination.

It would surely be meaningless to draw up a case against Adolf Hitler, the "poor scholar." We desire only to know how this strange soul gathered the brutal strength which it later poured forth on the world. All the documents and personal records indicate that during the first thirty years of his life this power lay positively dormant. He took fright at the thought of work, bent aside like a feeble stream in the face of obstacles, hid from any serious responsibility beneath a beggarly existence. If we look into his laziness, it seems to have concealed fear of his fellow men; he feared their judgment and hence shunned doing anything which he would have had to submit to their judgment. Perhaps his childhood furnishes an explanation. The data at our disposal show Adolf Hitler to be a model case for psychoanalysis, one of whose main theories is that every man wants to murder his father and marry his mother. Adolf Hitler hated his father, and not only in his subconscious; by his insidious rebelliousness he may have brought him to his grave a few years before his time; he loved his mother deeply, and himself said that he had been a "mother's darling." Constantly humiliated and corrected by his father, receiving no protection against the mistreatment of outsiders, never recognized or appreciated, driven into a lurking silence—thus, as a child, early sharpened by hard treatment, he seems to have grown accustomed to the idea that right is always on the side of the stronger; a dismal conviction from which people often suffer who as children did not find justice in the father who should have been the natural source of justice. It is a conviction for all those who love themselves too much and easily forgive themselves every weakness; never are their own incompetence and laziness responsible for failures, but always the injustice of the others.

Adolf Hitler at about the age of twenty-four.

FOR three years Adolf worried his way through school, sullen and unsuccessful; his tuition was paid regularly by relatives in Spital; no attempt was made to obtain a scholarship. At the age of sixteen, the young man fell violently ill with a lung ailment, his schooling was broken off, and the patient sent to Spital, his mother's home village, to recover; there he lived with his aunt, Theresa Schmidt, a peasant woman. He was described at that period as a big, pale, lean youth. A Doctor Karl Keiss, from near-by Weitra, treated him and said to his Aunt Theresa: "Adolf will never be healthy after this sickness." Yet his father, from whom he had inherited the predisposition, had lived to be sixty-six with the same disease.

Whether it was his sickness or his constant lack of success in his studies —in any case, in September, 1905, Adolf left school without any final examination. Then follows an episode which—like many others—for unclear reasons he conceals in his autobiography. In the fall of the same year, 1905, he left Austria and visited Ger-

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many for the first time. In Munich he attended a private art school in Blütenstrasse, directed by a Professor Gröber, and studied drawing. Photographs from this time have been preserved, showing a sickly figure with a soft, round, smallish head; the nose and eyes and even the famous hair lock are unmistakable, however. According to accounts of fellow pupils, he was quiet, reserved, almost shy; but occasionally there were outbreaks in which he made much noise and fuss. He spoke much with his hands, and the short, angular, brusque motions of his head were conspicuous—characteristics which were noticed a few years later by comrades in Vienna.

But he spent most of the time at home, doing absolutely nothing. In Linz he was often in the house of a comrade whose father was a high government official. Here he found a well-equipped library, discovered Richard Wagner's prose writings, read the master's thundering accusation against the "Jews in Music," his gloomy views on "Decay and Regeneration." Perhaps it was then that Wagner's picturesque condemnation of meat-eating made its first impression on him, and perhaps also his doctrine that the whole of history has been a tragedy of the noble races; yet Hitler denies having known anything about anti-Semitism in Linz. There was a daughter in the house; the young man admired her in silence but ventured no utterance. For, he later told a friend in Vienna, she was the daughter of a high official, and his father had been only a middle customs officer; on the whole he was somewhat surprised that these people admitted him, the poor boy, to their house.

AFTER October, 1907, he lived in Vienna, supported by his mother and other relatives, preparing himself to attend the Academy of Fine Arts and for the rest enjoying the city in his own boyish way: theater, museums, parliament. He registered with the Vienna police, sometimes as a student and sometimes as a painter. Once he indicated that he "was studying to be a writer."

To gain admission to the Academy's school of painting, one had to submit a number of drawings. If they were halfway acceptable, the candidate had to take an examination in drawing which was held each year in October. Freshly arrived from his province, young Adolf, apparently with great self-confidence, headed straight for his goal; the result was shattering and unexpected. The classification list of the Academy for the school year 1907-8 contains the following entry:

> Composition exercises in drawing. First day: expulsion from paradise, etc. Second day: episode from the deluge, etc. . . . The following took the test with insufficient results, or were not admitted: . . . Adolf Hitler, Braunau a. Inn, April 20, 1889, German Catholic. Father civil servant. 4 classes in Realschule. Few heads. Test drawing unsatisfactory.

He was rejected. He does not seem to have mentioned this failure at home; in his autobiography he passes it over in complete silence. He remained in Vienna as an art student, rejected but still self-confident, lodging in attics looking out on palaces; certainly despising the teachers who had failed to appreciate him; measuring the imperial city of Vienna with the eye of a conquerer. For he did not give up, but prepared to begin anew, the royal artist still unrecognized, scorned, and insulted, but confident that victory would come. Thus began his struggle against the city of Vienna; after his struggle with his father, his second big conflict with life.

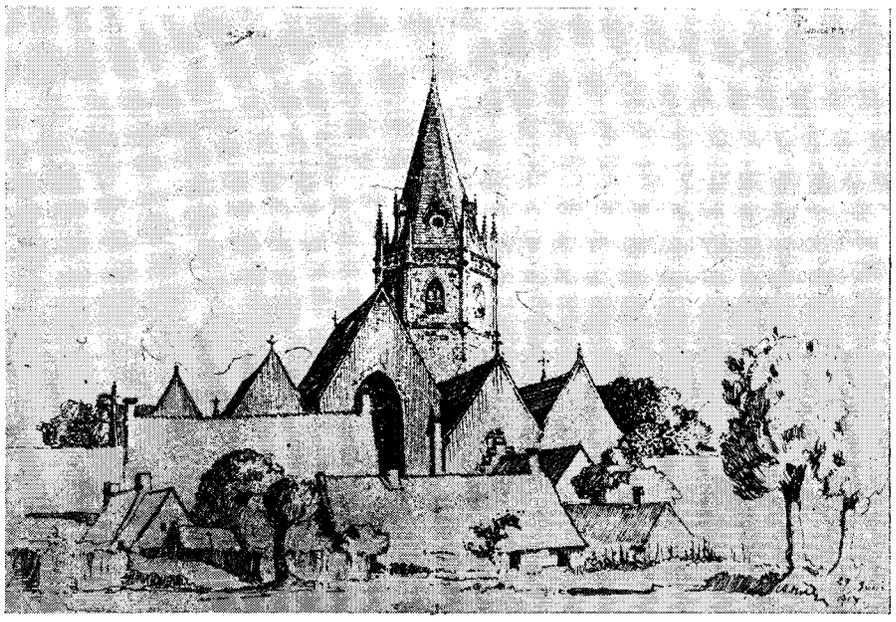
For the first year he lived on the money sent to him by his mother and relatives and practised drawing. Then, in October, 1908, another examination at the Academy's School of Painting; the result was even more crushing. This time the classification list reads simply:

> The following gentlemen performed their test drawings with insufficient success or were not admitted to the test: . . . 24. Adolf Hitler, Braunau, a. I. Twentieth of April, 1889. German, Catholic, civil servant, 4 Realschule. Not admitted to the test.

In other words, the drawings he had brought were of such a nature that the examiners did not regard a test as necessary. This was the second and final rejection. It was such a blow that even in his own account he could not pass it over in silence. According to his version, he went to the director of the Academy and asked the reasons for his rejection; the director allegedly told him that his drawings showed him to be much better suited for architecture and advised him to apply for admission to the Architectural School. But the road to this Architectural School, Hitler goes on to say, was closed to him because it required a high-school diploma, and this he did not have.

AT that time perhaps he felt something akin to consciousness of guilt. He had dodged this diploma, had shunned work, learned nothing, and not even attempted his final school examination, but had regarded himself as an artistic genius, far above hard work and sweat. This was the same mistaken idea of genius that idlers have always had. And this was the punishment. In the judgment of these people, he was no artistic genius. They consoled him, he says, by telling him that he was gifted for architecture—yes, if he had only studied more! And even this story is not true. Hitler does not give an honest account of his failure. He could have entered Architectural School even without examination and diploma; the school regulations contained a loophole. There was a case in which examination and diploma could be disregarded: the case of "great talent." Did he lack confidence in this talent? Or did the professors fail to recognize it? Probably he did not even make the attempt.

At home his mother was dying of cancer of the breast. Five years previous his father had died in the con-



This painting, which seems to be a combination of drypoint and watercolor, was done by Adolf Hitler, then a struggling young art student.

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viction that his son, Adolf, was a good-for-nothing. Now the son was forced to confess to his dying mother that actually five years full of artistic dreaming and lazy floundering had led him to the edge of nothingness. On December 21, 1908, Klara Hitler died, and was buried in Leonding beside her husband. In Spital, Adolf took leave of his relatives. As his father had done, he declared to his aunt, Theresa Schmidt, that he would not return to Spital or even write until he had made something of himself. This was to require thirty years. A spoiled boy who learned nothing, achieved nothing, and could do nothing, was facing the void.

For four years he strove to prove to his relatives at home, to the haughty professors of the Academy of Art, to the heartless city of Vienna, and above all to himself, that in spite of everything Heaven had chosen him to be an artist prince. He drew and painted—for the shopkeeper on the corner he made a poster in oil, advertising a talcum powder; a Santa Claus selling bright-colored candles, and Saint Stephen's Church over a mountain of soap. For four years he carried on these and similar anonymous art exercises with unchanging meager success. Hundreds of his art products from these days are probably still available in the houses of Vienna citizens or in tradesmen's shops—their owners unaware of their treasures. Makers of wooden furniture in those days used to attach little "works of art" to the backs of sofas and chairs, often a floral goddess, or two little angels on a cloud. Hitler could not furnish this kind of thing; he was not able to draw a human form or even a head from nature. But sometimes, instead of the flower girls or angels, there was a view of Vienna with stiff, angular lines—and these he could make; though not directly from nature, but painfully and fussily copying from other pictures. His products are precise stereotypes, rather geometric in effect, not always with a very happy distribution of light and shade. The human figures sometimes thrown in are a total failure. They stand like tiny stuffed sacks outside the high, solemn palaces.

With such pictures he made the rounds of furniture-makers and dealers and manufacturers of picture frames, who bought his products to fill their empty frames. Some of them could remember him years later. He was always terribly unshaven, they reported, ran around in a long coat resembling a caftan. His conduct was shy, almost crawling—in his own account he calls himself "earnest and still." It struck one witness that he seldom looked people in the eye except when he was in "ecstasy"; and this occurred as soon as the conversation turned to politics. Then he went up "like a flame." We cannot vouch for every word of these reports, but it is safe to visualize the young Adolf Hitler of those days going about like an eccentric and unkempt saint. We also have more precise reports.

A YEAR after his mother's death, he sank into the bitterest misery. He had no more money and was obliged, in November, 1909, to give up his last real lodging, a furnished room in the Simon Denk Gasse. For a few nights he wandered around without shelter, sleeping first in cafés, then on park benches. He learned how it felt to be awakened by policemen and chased away from his bench. One night in despair he begged a well-dressed drunk for money; the drunk raised his stick and wanted to beat him. This experience deeply embittered him; later he told the story several times to comrades, who simply asked him if he didn't know better than to beg of a drunken man.

In this sketch by A. Hitler, the artist demonstrates the art of the portable guillotine. The sword is wielded by a Nazi; the head was that of a Jewess.

The downward path of the twenty-year-old ended in the beginning of November, 1909, in a lodging-house in the suburb of Meidling. A light blanket on a hard spring, his own clothes for a pillow, his shoes wedged beneath the leg of the bed lest they be stolen, to left and right of him his companions in misery—thus Adolf Hitler passed the next months. In the cloister of Gumpendorfer Strasse he had free soup every day; in the evening his comrades in the lodging-house gave him a piece of horse sausage or a crust of bread. When the first snow fell, he hobbled out with his sore feet a few times to shovel snow on one of the Danube bridges, but the hard work in the cold soon proved too much for him. He had no overcoat. He trudged through the snow with his comrades to the suburb of Erdberg or the district of Favoriten; there they hung around the "warming rooms" where the homeless took refuge from the cold and found soup and bread to still their hunger. These warming rooms were a charity of Baron Königswarter, a man of Jewish origin. Occasionally Hitler stood outside the West Station, and carried travelers' suitcases for a few pennies. Then he wanted to apply for some digging work, advertised in the Favoriten section. But a new-found friend told him not to, saying that, once he took to manual labor, the upward path would be very difficult. Hitler followed his advice.

A profound hostility toward work runs through the whole life of this young man. It is a hatred of work arising not from lack of strength, but from excess of passion. At great times he was capable of great exertions; but the idea of having to pay for the air he breathed, the water he drank, the bread he ate, the room he lived in, with the constant sacrifice of his own person and abilities, of enslaving himself to labor, deeply wounded his pride. The purchase of life by regular activity—this is basically what Richard Wagner had hated in the society possessed by the economic ideal; for this hatred and pride he had forgotten duties, led a vagabond's life, and at last achieved his royal triumph. Every great creator has once ventured this risk, but it seems to have been the example of the venerated Wagner which particularly strengthened the young Adolf Hitler in his decision to look on economic society as his enemy. to regard the need to work as a disgrace, and to take his strong inclination for doing nothing as a proof of his higher calling. He hated the whole great sphere of human existence which is devoted to the regular transference of energy into product; and he hated the men who had let themselves be caught in this process of production.

HOKKU FOR THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN

Robert Nathan

In the garden
Under the peaceful cherry
blossoms,
Ants also die
For their communities.

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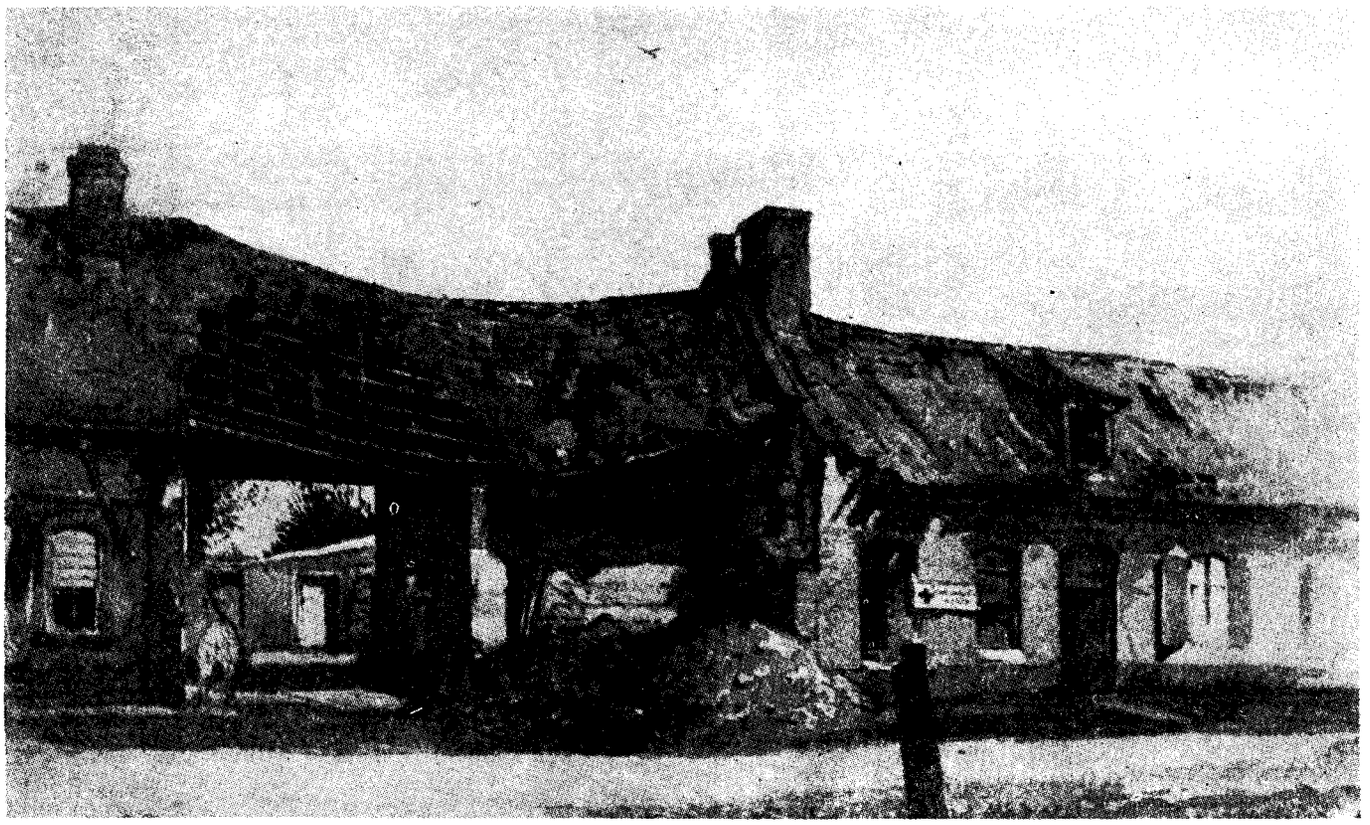
A. Hitler as the Young Artist



THE DRESSING-STATION AT FROMELLES, NEAR THE FRONT (1915).

PEASANT HOMES IN HAUBORDIN, FRANCE (1916).

A. Hitler was a Corporal in a Bavarian regiment when he painted the three water-colors reproduced on this page—all of them typical of his work, marked by a conspicuous lack of interest in human themes, with a corresponding preoccupation with architecture or landscape. Hitler's failure to gain admittance to art school, as well as his failure to gain popular approval, was a bitter turning point in his life.

THE WAR-SCARRED ABBEY AT MESSINES, BELGIUM (1914).

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Baker Street Irregularities

The Sacred Cult of Philo-sherlosophism

HENRY MORTON ROBINSON

WISPS of yellow fog should have been curling down the street, and the figure in the fore-and-aft cap should have been hook-beaked and cadaverous. Instead, it was a balmy summer evening and the character in question was a button-nosed chap—one Alec Woollcott by name. Whipping out an oversized magnifying glass, he scrutinized an empty bottle of Scotch and exclaimed: "Heavy drinking has been afoot here, Watson!" This startling deduction, delivered in the best Sherlock Holmes manner, won a round of corking (that is to say, uncorking) applause from the Baker Street Irregulars, generating high wassail at their first meeting in 1935.

A mad brotherhood, these Irregulars, bending elbow and knee to the memory of a man who never existed! Within the circle of their quaint fellowship, they practise the cult of "philo-sherlosophism"—which means "love and knowledge of Sherlock Holmes." The Irregulars refer to Holmes's adventures as "The Sacred Writings," and will pepper you with Sherlockian lore before you can say "Col. Sebastian Moran." The name "Baker Street Irregulars" stems from the crew of young ragamuffins who assisted Holmes by acting as his auxiliaries in tracking down crime. "These youngsters," says Holmes in "A Study in Scarlet," "go everywhere, hear everything. All they want is organization." Well, the latter-day Irregulars are organized just enough to keep the dust from settling over the memory of their beloved Holmes. No event in the life of the master-detective goes unscrutinized; his exploits, idiosyncrasies, frailties—even his amours—are relentlessly subjected to the dark-lantern of Shandygaff investigation.

The Baker Street Irregularities began when Frank Morley dreamed up (entirely without the aid of books) a Sherlock Holmes crossword puzzle that was far from elementary. He sent this ingenious opus to his brother Christopher who promptly published it in his column in the *SRL,* challenging all Holmesian* addicts to solve it. Eight perfect solutions were received. The brothers Morley, a truly hansom pair, invited the winners to dine at Chris Cella's bistro on 45th Street, and the Baker Street Irregulars were off with a splash.

By ovation, Chris Morley was elected Gasogene, or presiding officer. A gasogene, lest you forget, was the implement used by Holmes and Watson to provide soda for their highballs. "Buy"-laws were penned by Elmer Davis, now famous as you know what. The first and most important Buy-law states: "A round of drinks shall be bought by any member who fails to identify by title of story and context, any quotation from The Sacred Writings submitted by another member." Thus was created the alchoquiz tradition which has set a high moisture level at meetings ever since. While waiting around for a quorum, the Irregulars play it for mental batting-practice. For example, Vincent Starrett once asked Gene Tunney: "Mr. Tunney, under what circumstances did Sherlock Holmes utter, 'For me there still remains the cocaine bottle'?" Tunney feinted weakly, and after a long count of fourteen signaled the bartender to set up another round of drinks. Tunney may be a demon Shakespearean, but he just can't punch that old Baker St. bag around.

AT a later meeting, all members came disguised as a character in The Sacred Writings. Buckminster Fuller, perpetrator of the Dymaxion car, hired a Central Park hansom and clopped to the dinner as Dr. Watson. Vincent Starrett, author of "The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes," came in on all fours, wearing a handsome dog-collar, and won first prize as the Hound of the Baskervilles. Towards the shank of the evening, a hunched and muffled figure limped past the dining-room door. He was dragged in, hilariously cuffed around by the brethren, and vastly complimented for his portrayal of "The Creeping Man." Some slight embarrassment ensued when it was discovered that the muffled figure was an innocent passer-by suffering from arthritis.

Roast goose was the dish that evening. Now in one of Holmes's adventures, a huge blue carbuncle was hidden in the crop of a Christmas goose. It was imperative, therefore, to hide a similar carbuncle in the Irregular bird. But where could such a regal stone be obtained? Tiffany's, Cartier's, and other celebrated carbuncle-dealers were visited, but none of their wares could pass inspection. They weren't big enough or blue enough. Finally, a gem of the exact weight and hue was picked up by the Gasogene at a five-and-ten-cent store and triumphantly inserted into the goose.

—From the sketch by Frederick Dorr Steele

The Master

Meetings are now held annually in New York's venerable Murray Hill Hotel whose decor is in perfect key with the London of Holmes and Watson. Each meeting is opened with the drinking of three toasts. The first is raised to "The Woman." (This of course, is Irene Adler, heroine of "A Scandal in Bohemia," and the only member of her sex ever to perturb the great detective romantically.) The next is to Mrs. Hudson, housekeeper at 221 B, gratefully remembered for her marvelous breakfasts of kidneys and marmalade. Finally, a toast is lifted to the "Second Mrs. Watson." At this point a small dissident sect who claims that Watson had *three wives* drinks an extra toddy in open defiance of the ritual.

The serious business of the meeting is the reading of speculative papers by the members. These essays are emphatically not of the powderpuff variety; some of them remove large strips of skin from various parts of Holmes's reputation. For instance, Irregular R. K. Leavitt's 1941 paper contends that Sherlock was a shakedown artist. It is Leavitt's theory that the great detective collected heavy sugar from the nit-wit Scotland Yard inspectors—Lestrade, Gregson, and others—for solving their cases, allowing them to claim the credit and keep their jobs. The inspectors would pay Holmes, then reimburse themselves by shaking down the London underworld. Leavitt piled up his dismaying evidence in a searching paper entitled, "Nummi in Arca, or The Fiscal Holmes." "Sherlock was strictly wheels

*Pronounce "Hol-meez-ian."

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within wheels," says Leavitt bluntly. "The way he fooled poor Watson was scandalous." In another devastating document, Leavitt demonstrated that Holmes was a pitifully bad marksman; although he was forever flourishing his Wembley, it was Watson who always brought down the quarry with a well-aimed shot.

No orthodox member will ever forget the meeting at which Rex Stout, a detective novelist in his own right, read a dissertation proving with low cunning that Watson was a woman! [SRL, March 1, 1941.] The Baker Street Irregulars listened in frozen horror then leapt to their feet to shout down the miserable canard. Stout, the base calumniator, gave not an inch. "By my beard," he swore, "it's all true." To get even with him, Frederic Dorr Steele, illustrator of the Collected Works, vowed that in the future he would draw Charles Augustus Milverton ("the worst man in London") wearing a beard exactly like Stout's. And this, mind you, notwithstanding the fact that The Sacred Text describes Milverton as the possessor of "a round, plump and hairless face." It just goes to show how sternly the Irregulars crack down on traitors.

When Conan Doyle's son came to a meeting, he was startled to learn that his father's name is never mentioned by The Baker Street Irregulars. They firmly contend that Dr. Watson wrote the stories, and there is a bale of evidence to prove it. This evidence, along with many other matters of interest to Holmes fans, may be found in a charming book, "221 B," edited by Vincent Starrett.

IN their spare time, the Irregulars draw maps of the great detective's professional wanderings, and compile lexicons in which are listed every character in The Sacred Writings, together with the names of the cases in which they figured. The bulkiest of these is "Appointment in Baker Street," a biographical dictionary prepared by Edgar W. Smith, General Motors executive who acts as corresponding secretary to the society. Because Holmes was a musician—if his endless scrapings on the violin can be called music—Harvey Officer has composed "The Baker Street Suite for Violin and Piano." This opus, as well as the celebrated classic "The Road to Baker Street" and several other musical numbers, have been gathered together in "A Baker Street Songbook," published by Pamphlet House, a firm that will touch nothing but Holmesiana.

The Spring 1944 publishing season bears witness to the fact that Sherlosophism is not a moribund cult. On the contrary, there is definitely a bull market in all writings pertaining to the deathless denizens of 221 B Baker Street. Christopher Morley is bringing out his "Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson: a Textbook of Friendship," in which he copiously and affectionately annotates a selection of The Sacred Writings for a younger generation that never heard of *The Strand Magazine,* Ellery Queen has in preparation "The Mis-Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," a collection of pastiches and incunabula, hitherto unpublished. Edgar W. Smith (known as "Buttons" to the brethren) is the editor of "Profile by Gaslight," a collection of papers by the Irregulars themselves. And the Limited Editions Club plans to bring out in the near future a veritable *Codex Decretorius* (definitive edition, to you) of "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes."

David Randall, of Scribner's Rare Book Department, has tabulated a monster Catalogue of all extant literature and original MSS in any way connected with the great detective. The Catalogue itself is a fascinating piece of Holmesiana. Its list prices are by no means cheap. The first edition of "A Study in Scarlet" in Beeton's Christmas Annual, 1887, with its original pictorial wrappers, brings $175. "The Sign of the Four" in *Lippincott's Magazine,* February 1890, is priced at $40. Conan Doyle's original ms of "The Valley of Fear," described by David Randall as "The best Sherlock MS to come upon the market in many years," can be bought for $1,100! Most of these items are snapped up by the more affluent members of the Baker Street Irregulars.

Few critics will have the hardihood to deny that Sherlock Holmes is one of the most enduring and best-loved characters ever created by a writer. His adventures are pure entertainment; for sheer escape nothing transports us like a volume of "The Adventures." Is it any wonder that many of the leading literary figures of our time have banded together to perpetuate the name and fascination of Sherlock Holmes? Stripped of their tongue-in-cheek scholarship, the Baker Street Irregulars emerge as a crew of eager sentimentalists yearning for a gaslit, nostalgic era of red plush and yellow fog—which yearning they elaborately disguise with intellectual hop-scotchery and much priming of the bow.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

LITERARY HEADLINERS

If there had been newspapers to chronicle their doings, the characters in this week's quiz would certainly have made the front page. Printed below are 20 headlines for their stories as they might be written by today's desk man. Can you name the character concerned in each? Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 64.

1.
Architect to Die on Scaffold
For Fatal Clubbing of Uncle

2.
Celebrity Slips on Icy Porch,
Confined in Home of Ohio Host

3.
Gambler Killed in Saloon Fray
By Piano-Playing Prospector

4.
Jew Gets Life Term in Galleys
For Attack on New Procurator

5.
Landlord's Daughter Kills Self
In Warning Bandit of Redcoats

6.
Lord High Executioner Finds
Candidate for Chopping Block

7.
Medals Are Awarded to Boys
Who Sheltered Starving Horse

8.
Mistakes Milliner for Prostitute,
Clergyman Jailed for 6 Months

9.
Mudville Nine Loses 4 to 2
As Local Hero Fails in Pinch

10.
Rejected Suitor Kidnaps Bride
From Her Wedding Reception

11.
Scion of Prominent Family
Banned Following Fatal Duel

12.
Search Goes on for Children
Lost in McDougal's Cave

13.
Sporting House Madam Alibis
Suspects in Shantytown Raid

14.
Steamboat Pilot Only Casualty
As *Prairie Belle* Burns Up

15.
Super Sleuth, Arch Criminal
Kill Each Other in Alpine Duel

16.
Trapped by Police on Rooftop,
Killer Accidentally Hangs Self

17.
Village Schoolmaster to Give
Final French Lesson Today

18.
Weaver Loses Life Savings;
Itinerant Pedlar Is Suspected

19.
Wedding Service Interrupted
When Bride Is Shot by Outlaw

20.
Whist Player Wins Wager,
Girdles Globe in 80 Days

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What a Capitalist Reads

One Man's Literary Meat: Part I

THOMAS W. LAMONT

EDITOR'S NOTE: *One offshoot of the now-famous Lamont-Benét controversy of last spring was a request by the editors of the head of the house of J. P. Morgan & Co., Inc., for an article on the current reading of a typical capitalist. Mr. Lamont agreed. His article will appear in two parts, the first of which follows.*

AN injunction to take things more easily gave me a chance to pay more heed to my summer reading. Of course it lacked balance—a comment that all wives make about their husbands' reading: no science whatever and little of the belles lettres. Yet in poetry that worn volume of the "Golden Treasury" that came to me as a youth, plus "The Oxford Book of English Verse," were good enough for a standby. Anyway, I was told to let the world go by; what I read entertained and interested me. What more could you or your wife ask?

I will start with my novels: John Marquand's "So Little Time" did me more good than all the liver extract and iron in the world. It revived my drooping spirits. The parts that recalled my small-town boyhood days and my early journalistic contacts in the great city made me laugh till I cried. Some readers complain that the chief character, Jeffrey Wilson, turns out inept, his life aimless and unfilled. Well, I wonder now how many of us elderly or middle-aged individuals can in these war years hold to a philosophy and way of life that we deem satisfactory? Is there one of us, active in accomplishment in World War I, that fails to repine over his zealous but fruitless efforts in these latter days? No, I think there was nothing missing at the end of "So Little Time." It was all there. One reviewer made a tentative comparison of Marquand and Thackeray. That may be a trifle strong, but I will say that having read "Vanity Fair" half a dozen times in my youth, the last time I picked it up, I found it flat and unprofitable. My fault, I guess. Would our old friend, John Galsworthy, be a better comparison? At least he and Marquand were alike among the moderns who are masters of the irony that dispels illusion and gives us a chance to start afresh.

"Lord Halifax's Ghost Book"

Never in this country have I seen on sale a copy of "Lord Halifax's Ghost Book," I first picked it up six or seven years ago in England and let it lie fallow here until just such a chance as this idle summer afforded. This collection of gruesome tales of the supernatural was made by the father of the present British Ambassador at Washington, and I will admit that my first interest in them was aroused by the foreword written by the present Viscount, who says that the collection of such tales was one of his father's hobbies, and who describes the shivering delight with which the children used to listen to these tales of an evening and then creep furtively to bed through the shadows of the flickering oil lamps of the family seat of Hickleton in Yorkshire.

The present Lord Halifax—his title then was Lord Irwin—was Viceroy of India from 1926 to 1931. His administration there was untroubled and serene compared to the succeeding ones. Once in later years I asked him how he could get along as well as he did with Mahatma Gandhi, with all his errancies and contradictions, a constant thorn in the flesh, as the Viceroy himself could hardly deny. His answer was simple and complete: "I liked Gandhi," he said. The knight of the "most noble" Order of the Garter and the Indian philosopher and politician each spoke a language that the other understood.

In the elder "Lord Halifax's Ghost Book" there are at least a dozen tales, not a few having to do with famous

English and Scottish mansions, the veracity of several of the latter "vouched for by many distinguished persons and in one case by the late King" (George V). But may I commend particularly these titles? "The Secret of Glamis," "The Haunting of Hinton Ampner," "The Monk of Bolton Abbey," and "The Vampire Cat."

In the foreword written by our Lord Halifax (I call him "our" because, from the great liking that I know he has conceived for America and because we have taken him to our hearts, he belongs to both our countries), he dwells upon the high place that the quality of imagination held in his father's estimate of a man's character. That is a note that hard-boiled politicians or business men will do well to dwell upon in these days, or in any days, be they in war or peace. This passage, then, will serve as a benediction:

> Apart from the moralities, few charges in his [the elder Lord Halifax's] eyes were more damaging to persons than that they should be judged devoid of imagination, and the actual framework of everyday life had value according as it corresponds to something more profound than itself, to be felt rather than seen, and to be apprehended only by some faculty more sutble than that of reason. Thus in his appraisement mystery, romance, adventure, and other-worldliness, all played their part.

His was apparently the sort of mind that in these latter days would realize that the wrong that Germany has done to the world lies not chiefly in the frightful material destruction that she has wrought, but in the woe that she has brought to the invisible things of the spirit which are the essence of a community and a civilization.

"David"

Down at the tip end of Devon where its headlands jut out into the ocean to mark the lanes for all sea traffic betwixt Plymouth and the eastern Channels ports there empties the river Salcombe, rising in the dark fastnesses of Dartmoor and finding its leisurely way to the ocean. On its left bank rests the hamlet of Salcombe looking down upon a tiny harbor of fishing and holiday craft. And, except at high tide, blocking a part of the entrance to the harbor, stretches a bar whose presence is marked at ebb and flood of tide by the fretful plaint of the waters.

Ten years ago I spent July there with my family in an old, rather rickety manor house entitled "The Moult," formerly in the family of London friends of ours. There I read and greatly profited by Alfred Duff Cooper's "Talleyrand," the best interpreta-

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tion ever written, I believe, of that statesman's fateful role and baffling character. In the bright Devon twilight after tea I used to sit in my bedroom before a window embrasured with old and worm-eaten volumes on jutting bookcases and, looking out on the murmuring wavelets breaking on the Salcombe River bar, I would peruse Duff Cooper's excellent volume.

This seat had added interest for me because, as I had learned from my friends, Lord Tennyson, the year before his death when he had begun to fail, had occupied this same room, and as he looked out on the river and the slowly flooding tide, listening to the evening bells, had written those well-known lines, "Crossing the Bar":

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea. . . .

Two great friends of Tennyson's had sometimes visited that same Moult house with him at Salcombe: Charles Kingsley and James Anthony Froude. Can you imagine the trio sitting there in the soft twilight together and wondering when shall we three meet again?

This is a long preliminary to my saying that this summer I read Duff Cooper's "David." It left me cold. All the characters are there, Samuel, King Saul, Bathsheba, Absalom, Adonijah,

Alfred Duff Cooper

and others, not to mention Solomon, though not yet in all his glory. And we have a rather lively picture of David in Exile, David as King, and so on. But it is like a slow "movie"—perhaps it is intended to be. Your delight in the Psalms and other Songs of David that have been our precious heritage for ages is dimmed out a bit by David's exploits in romance. Somehow, when detailed by the author in present-day terms, David's lack of scruple about the other fellow seems more barefaced than ever. So far as women were concerned he was certainly ruthless, and of an age far removed from ours. Or was he just ultra-modern? And you wind up, reminded again of the days when you read your Bible through word for word and gasped at the barbaric cruelty of those ancients whose hideous practices in time of war have never been excelled until Hitler's sadistic hordes cut loose in Poland and Russia.

"Against Oblivion"

On the first visit that you and I ever made to Rome, you remember that we hastened to the Piazza di Spagna. First perhaps we slowly climbed the broad and lovely Spanish steps, but almost at once we hastened to No. 26 on the Piazza. And there we gazed at the mournful and almost sordid room where John Keats, leaving England and then this earthly life before fame had touched him, breathed his last wretched and despairing weeks. It was his friend Joseph Severn who was his constant and devoted companion on the amazing seven weeks' sea voyage from England to Naples, and it was Severn alone who cared for him in those final weeks.

Sheila, Countess Birkenhead, has written a new life of Joseph Severn and has called it "Against Oblivion." The authoress feels that all the previous accounts of Severn have practically ended with the death of Keats when Severn was less than twenty-five years old. But after that he led a long and interesting life and only died, and then in his beloved Rome, when he was well over eighty. I remember that Miss Amy Lowell, in her two fat volumes on Keats, rather turns up her nose at Severn. To be sure he was born with great musical talent, to be sure he became a painter of note in miniatures and historical scenes, but he was too immature to appreciate Keats and was hardly fit to associate with him even as nurse.

Sheila Birkenhead (I have seen no American edition of this entrancing volume) will have none of this. She has written this life to show what a personage Severn himself was. And she has succeeded. I recommend her book. (I suggest too that it is a perfect volume, not long at all, to read aloud to your wife.)

At least the epitaph on Joseph Severn's tomb in Rome, suggestions for its wording volunteered by Tennyson, Rossetti, and others, goes to bear out Lady Birkenhead's faith that her subject should not be subjected to oblivion. I quote in part:

To the memory of Joseph Severn,
Devoted Friend and Deathbed Companion of John Keats, whom he lived to see numbered among the Immortal Poets of England. An Artist eminent . . . In recognition of his Services to Freedom and Humanity.

"Years of Blindness"

What caused the swift collapse of Burma, the Malay States, and Singapore before the Japanese onslaught? Even admitting that that whole vast region of the Far Western Pacific had relied implicitly for its defense on the

Wendell Willkie

British Navy; even knowing that with Germany on the rampage, England could not send a strong fleet to Far Eastern waters and that early in the game the giant battleship *Prince of Wales* and the battle cruiser *Renown* were sent to the bottom of the China Sea; yet were there not other predisposing causes as well? Mr. Quaritch Wales answers that question most adequately. In his engrossing volume he explains how the softnesses and weaknesses over the years had developed in the Asiatic States, Dutch and French, of course, as well as British, so that, when the pinch came, they failed to show the slightest resistance worth the name.

Mr. Wales is an explorer who travelled in India and Southeast Asia for almost two decades and had become an expert on the native populations. Many Englishmen of his calibre had lived in India; comparatively few, however, in Siam, Malaya, Burma, and French Indo-China, so what he says as to record of those countries is very fresh. He makes it clear that when the Allies succeed in ousting Japan from her conquests, even then the old order will never return in that part of the world.

The British had never laid many

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plans, any more than the Dutch, for final, effective native government. They were content to bring about distinct improvement in the standards of living, to teach the natives and to convert them. But they never took much trouble to study the Oriental mind and determine its possibilities of political growth. Then, too, while decades ago there was a ruggedness and ruthlessness that developed and built up these Asiatic domains, as the years had gone by things had changed. The original adventurous pioneers were gradually succeeded by under-clerks with limited vision who settled down to become petty nabobs in their various posts. Their goal was neither adventure nor progress, but rather security and a lethargy that, aside from improving his living conditions, left the native undeveloped both socially and politically. The way Wales puts it is this: "The net result of British complacency, shared by planters, businessmen, and officials alike, and of native apathy was that the defense of the difficult hinterland was left to recently arrived army units and local volunteers."

The consequence of all this was that when the Japanese made their great drive it was easy for the Malays, feeling no especial loyalty to the British, to guide the Japanese through the maze of jungle trails and swamps leading the way to the capture of Singapore.

At the war's end Western relations with Asia as a whole will still be an unsolved problem, the author says. The Western nations that have developed and largely governed those areas on the mainland and in the Dutch Islands cannot, if they would, force Western democracy upon the populations. Some way must gradually be found to develop their power of self-government in their own fashion.

Never again can the colonial governments and peoples be lulled into a false sense of security by their implicit trust in the strong arm of the British Navy. They must gradually map out new policies. For decades past the aloofness of the white man from the Asiatic has if anything been increasing. A fresh start must be made. Just what the successful formula should be Mr. Quaritch Wales does not undertake to say. But certainly British though he is he has pulled no punches. His criticisms of colonial government are cool and detached. His is the only book that I have read that, putting aside India for the moment, gives a clear account of the history of the Far Eastern colonial states and of the ominous situation that will still confront the world when once Japan has been subdued.

"U. S. Foreign Policy"

Walter Lippmann's book: "U. S. Foreign Policy: Shield of the Republic" has had a great vogue. Even a year ago its thesis would have met widespread and hostile criticism here. "Alliance with England? Over my dead body!" thousands of American patriots would cry. But today it is different. A twelvemonth has shown to all of us that without Britain, America could never have victory. Reflection has convinced us that in their 1940, last-ditch stand against German invasion, Englishmen pulled the Western world from the brink of disaster, just as in these last two years Russia's superb victories may have prepared Germany for the *coup de grace.*

So now there is no terrific outcry against the Lippmann idea, expounded historically and logically as he has done it. There is, to be sure, dissent and considerable serious criticism, but even that has been in some part based upon misunderstanding or careless reading of the text. The two chief objections that I have heard are, for example, these: How can a man advocate an Exclusive Alliance with Great Britain? An Outrageous Idea! But Mr. Lippmann suggested no such exclusive arrangement. He was careful to point out the advantages of an initial working arrangement with Britain, but made perfectly clear more than once his idea of nuclear alliances as the groundwork for United Nations' permanent organization.

The second basis of criticism has been that Lippmann seemed to rely for the maintenance of peace against any aggressive powers upon the actual might and that alone of Britain, America, and Russia; failing to stress the all-important cultivation of the good will factor. No one who ever read Mr. Lippmann's "The Good Society," originally published in 1935, could think that he ignores such an immense, such a vital, factor as good will, or the necessity of establishing such contacts among all the civilized nations of the world as will conduce to good will. If I have any criticism of the book, and it is a minor one, it is that in pointing out how effective Britain's naval might was in making the Monroe Doctrine effective through the century prior to World War I, the author rather overlooks the immense help to Britain's aims and to the maintenance of her outposts in the New World given by American good will and purpose.

"And be sure to substitute a plain brown wrapper for the jacket."

The Yale Institute of International Studies has been publishing some excellent monographs on international affairs, a recent one being "The Small Powers and the Enforcement of Peace." The thesis is that the small powers, because of their military weakness, can really do little in a material way to help enforce the peace. Primary responsibility must, with the approval of the lesser nations, rest on those powers that have the fleets and armaments. Certainly this thesis strongly supports the general Lippmann view.

In Mr. Lippmann's volume there is no nonsense about attempting to get the British to adore Americans and the Americans to love the British. If on either side of the water we try to hothouse that sort of objective we shall fail even to build good will between the two nations. Despite our common language, despite the similarity between our legal and political institutions, and despite the fundamental conception of liberty and free enterprise that both countries hold dear, there are differences in tradition, of living and of custom—differences that have increased by the spread of our polyglot population over a vast area, as contrasted with a homogeneous grouping of people on a small island—that make it unnatural for any particular feeling of personal affection, so to speak, to develop on either side of the water for the peoples on the other. Yet that does not mean that the most solid, enduring, and useful working arrangements cannot be carried out between the countries, arrangements which united under the general principles set forth in the Moscow Agreements and thoroughly inclusive of other nations of good will, will prove the only real bulwark to the maintenance of peace.

"U. S. Foreign Policy" has had an extraordinary circulation. It has done our American community an immense good in clarifying the relations between the United States and Great Britain. Even more, because the author has been so convincing in his appeal for the adoption by this coun-

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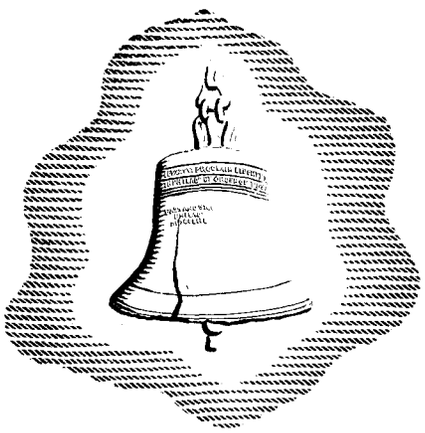
try of a real foreign policy, Mr. Lippmann has aroused an immense amount of stimulating discussion bound to prove a constructive factor for our post-war world.

"One World"

In my first reading of Wendell Willkie's "One World" last spring I found in it a freshness, vigor, and sweep that led me to run through it again. The secret of its immense success is that the reader at once finds that here is a world reporter who has an open mind, complete intellectual integrity, and an ardent desire to help along every part of the world in which he finds himself: his own America first, of course, but further, if he thinks it will do any good, he doesn't mind trimming up the British Empire a bit here and there.

I chance to be one of those who, after knocking about various corners of that Empire, believe that we have enough on our hands without attempting to run Britain's affairs for her. Further, I should deplore any such hasty or ill-timed policies as might at one blow, as I have said before, free the Indians to come under the heel of the Japanese. Nor do I see any good purpose served by a strained construction of the admirable principle of self-government that might straightway lead England to abandon Gibraltar, Suez, Ceylon, and various other outposts of empire that for all these generations have served as the strategic points for the safeguarding of our own world commerce.

But Mr. Willkie's views on British colonial administration are only a trifling part of his swiftly moving volume, the thesis of which sticks out on almost every page—namely, the present unity of the world in its material aspects and the absolute necessity of international political accommodation if the civilized nations are to get on at all. At almost every point that he touches Mr. Willkie finds fresh proof of the inevitability of greater world unity, and if at times, in order to make his point clear, he oversimplifies situations, that does little harm.

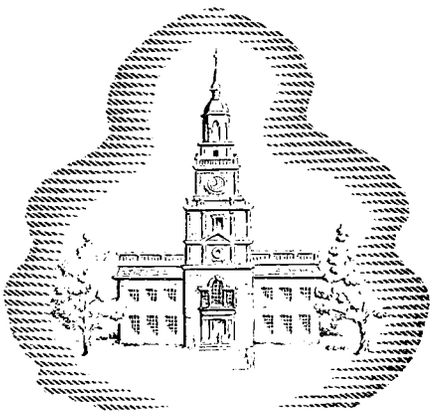


Upon his return from his world tour, which took forty-nine days with many stops, against Jules Verne's "Round the World in 80 Days," on the go every minute, Mr. Willkie met some criticism because of his warm and almost unprecedented praise of things Russian, including Marshal Stalin. Later developments, however, on the field of battle on the Russian steppes and in the recent Moscow agreements, have served to show how right Mr. Willkie was. He chanced to be one of the few notable individuals who early saw that the future of the human world depends in no small measure upon relations between the Soviet Upion and the United States of America. Undoubtedly it was his unique, round-the-world experience and widened horizons that gave Mr. Willkie such an effective wallop in his determination to bring the Republican Party into line for international coöperation. No other one of our citizens has held a candle to him in opening the eyes of the public to the stupidity, the impossibility of isolationism. His ceaseless public exhortations undoubtedly contributed to the overwhelming nature of the Senate majority for the Moscow pacts.

I wish Mr. Willkie could have equal luck in any effort that he might conceive for arousing my Republican friends to the necessity of doing a real job on current vital domestic issues which they seem to be leaving largely to the Democrats. It is simply a truism for me to say that it does absolutely no good for us to yell at the Administration for inadequate policies as to taxation and anti-inflation or for questionable currency-stabilization ideas, unless we have something genuine to offer ourselves.

I have heard some Republicans, desperately anti-Administration, say they were against Mr. Willkie and all his works because in certain policies he had supported President Roosevelt. Yet how could he or any of us possibly fail to support Lend-Lease; or the President's plans of war strategy; or fail to have approved the immediate measures that the Administration took in 1933 to relieve the grave situation arising from depression and unemployment?

Yes, we Republicans, rank and file, must do more than criticize. If we are to clear up the domestic difficulties that, according to every part of the public press, the Democrats are in, then our representatives must work more systematically for the development of constructive policies. To such a crusade I respectfully suggest Mr. Willkie devote his next efforts.



All this is hardly a part of Mr. Willkie's "One World." But reading between the lines of that volume one inevitably gets the idea of an eager mind, a determined and patriotic individual. He writes the record of a very rapid but distinguished traveler, not assuming to have made close investigation of the vast countries over which he flew, not attempting to outline a profound world philosophy, but anxious to help create a better order, be it on the international or domestic scene.

* * *

IT is of course evident that in the past year the American people, under the impact of a savage World War and of dramatic developments on every battlefront, have turned over in bed completely in the matter of international coöperation. Looking back only seven years when even then Hitler and his people were making guns for butter, we seem to have been in another world. That was the year when Senator Gerald P. Nye of South Dakota, with great blare of trumpets and blinding flashlights, haled Mr. Morgan and a lot of us before a Senate tribunal to try to prove that America had got involved in the late war, not by a fiercely predatory Germany, but because our farmers and our manufacturers made sales of their products to Great Britain and France, and because our banking community helped finance a part of those sales.

At last, most Americans realize that our only safety from the aggression of some future barbaric power with an urge for world domination is for us to work together with all the peace-loving nations, and maintain that peace not only through the power of our joint authority but through the adoption of such other political and economic measures as will best stabilize conditions throughout the world, and make measurably possible a planet where principles like those embodied in the Atlantic Charter and the Four Freedoms can find a place in the sun for flowering and growth.

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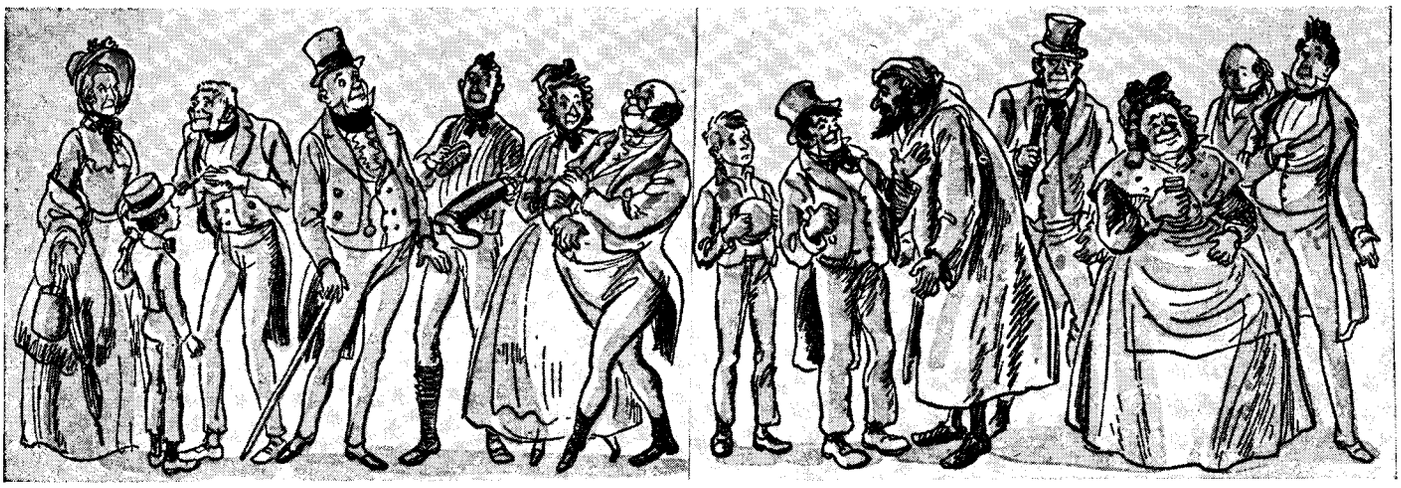

—From the drawings by Donald McKay, in "The Dickens Digest."

Christmas, 1943 — A Dickens Centenary

WILLIAM W. WATT

DURING the first week of October, 1843, Charles Dickens made a journey from London to Manchester to give a speech on the education of the poor. It was not a happy period of his life. Since January he had been grinding out monthly installments of "Martin Chuzzlewit," and from the beginning that meandering sermon on selfishness had not sold well. A sudden blood transfusion—the hero's journey to the United States—had boosted the sales but slightly, whereas the bitter pictures of American real estate and journalism had sent the novelist's American stock to a new low. Throughout the summer Dickens had feared that his publishers were going to invoke a clause in the contract by which they would take back a percentage of his advance profits if the book did not succeed. What with his "two petticoats"—Mrs. Dickens and her sister Georgina—four little Dickenses, and a fifth due shortly after the New Year, the household budget was on a fast escalator. Obsessed by financial worries, hounded by fears that, when the labor on "Chuzzlewit" was over, his weary brain would be written out, Dickens was ready to get away from it all—to throw over his publishers and flee with his "whole menagerie" for a three years' change in Italy. In this dark hour the idea for a Christmas story occurred to him.

Whether he saw it as an outlet for his own misanthropy or merely as a vacation from "Chuzzlewit agonies," Dickens was delighted with the project. When he began to write the story about a week after his return to London on October 7, he moved ahead with genuine enthusiasm. We have his own word that he "wept, and laughed, and wept again, and excited himself in the most extraordinary manner in the composition, and thinking whereof he walked about the black streets of London, fifteen and twenty miles, many a night when all the sober folks had gone to bed." After he had finished it towards the end of November he "broke out like a madman."

"A Christmas Carol in Prose, being a Ghost Story of Christmas" first appeared on the bookstands on December 19. Whether the first issue had a red and green or red and blue trimming on the title page, whether it had green or yellow end papers—this is a time-honored question among collectors. At any rate, Scrooge made his début in a deluxe volume, with brown cloth covers stamped in gold, four woodcut vignettes, and four full-page colored drawings by the celebrated artist John Leech—Marley's Ghost, Mr. Fezziwig's Vall, The Ghost of Christmas Present, and The Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come. It was a bargain at five shillings.

From the beginning the book was warmly welcomed. The first edition of 6,000 copies was sold out on the first day, and before long the fan mail began pouring in from strangers all over England. Stimulated by his success, the author kept Christmas, 1843, with an almost hysterical elation. "Such dinings," he wrote, "such dancings, such conjurings, such blind-man's buffings, such theatre-goings, such kissings-out of old years and kissings-in of new ones, never took place in these parts before." Not until February 9 did the blow come—the first royalty statement. Dickens's publishers had overshot the mark. The cost of the book was too great for the retail price, and the anxious author, who had confidently anticipated a thousand pounds from the sale of the first ten thousand copies, was left with less than half that sum. The old year's bills were still unpaid; the Italian trip was off for months. The merry Yuletide season was definitely over, and a bitter, grumbling Scrooge was once more master of the Dickens household.

Down through the century critics of "A Christmas Carol" have fallen largely into two groups: those who have tossed the tale casually aside as a trivial pot-boiler and those who have placed it on a pedestal engraved with reverent superlatives. Critics of the first class have implied, if they have not always bothered to assert, that the story exhibits caricature instead of characterization, bathos instead of pathos, labored humor, tiresome garrulity—in short, almost all the items in the traditional indictment of Dickens's longer works. Others have been ecstatic. "Who can listen to objections regarding such a book as this?" exclaimed Thackeray. Percy Fitzgerald called it "that one entire and perfect chrysolite," A. E. Newton "the greatest little book in the world."

THE few who have pried more deeply into the meaning of the story have come to more interesting conclusions. In the first place, although Scrooge is no Hamlet, readers are by no means unanimous about his character. Chesterton dismisses him with a characteristic paradox:

> Scrooge is not really inhuman at the beginning any more than he is at the end. There is a heartiness in his inhospitable sentiments that is akin to humor and therefore to humanity; he is only a crusty old bachelor, and had (I strongly suspect) given away turkeys secretly all his life.

By transforming Scrooge into a Hollywood curmudgeon — Hollywood curmudgeons always have a twinkle peeping around the corner of the blackest scowl—Chesterton solves the problem for readers who would otherwise be

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unconvinced by Scrooge's conversion. How pleasant to reflect that the old tightwad's heart was made of gold all along! But that isn't Dickens's Scrooge. The "squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner" of Stave One is "hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel has ever struck out generous fire." It took the alchemy of the Dickens Christmas to transmute this heart to gold.

Edmund Wilson has a more elaborate theory. He views "the two Scrooges" as a subconscious reflection of Dickens's emotional instability, one of the many examples of a dualism which appears throughout the novels. Dickens tells us with Dickensian redundancy that after Christmas day was ended Scrooge "became as good a friend, as good a master, and as good a man, as the good old city knew, or any other good old city, town, or borough, in the good old world." Don't believe it, says Wilson. "Unquestionably he would relapse when the merriment was over—if not while it was still going on—into moroseness, vindictiveness, suspicion. He would, that is to say, reveal himself the victim of a manic-depressive cycle, and a very uncomfortable person." Scrooge, in short, is both halves of Dickens. If this seems exaggerated, remember that Dickens was capable of approaching both extremes of Scrooge's gamut, that he apparently vacillated between them during the very period when the "Carol" was written. Dr. John Brown, the author of the tender dog story "Rab and his Friends," characterized Dickens as "softest outside, hardest at the core"—just the reverse of the Chesterton Scrooge. It is true that there were in Dickens's lifetime thousands of Londoners who, in the words of Theodore Watts-Dunton, "looked upon Dickens as the spirit of Christmas incarnate: as being, in a word, Father Christmas himself." In our time Professor Phelps has written, "He was himself an incarnation of the spirit of Christmas. . . ." But the persistence of this assumption is a tribute to the magic of Dickens's pen, not to the unchanging cheerfulness of his disposition. If Dickens was Father Christmas himself, he was a father who became as dejected over Christmas bills as he was elated over Christmas wassail.

Scrooge has been not only psychoanalyzed but also thoroughly class-angled. T. A. Jackson, in his provocative Marxist interpretation of Dickens, places the Christmas books at a half-way stage between the author's early period of youthful optimism, typified by the benevolent Cheeryble brothers of "Nicholas Nickleby," and his late period of cynical disillusionment, represented by the anguished protests of "Hard Times." Taken together, asserts Jackson, the Christmas books display Dickens's "gathering hatred of that which lies at the heart of the bourgeois system of society—the subordination of all men, and of very human capacity to the tyrannical dominance of a vast, impersonal, process of *money-gaining.*" The "Carol" although less bitter than "The Chimes," strikes the first note:

> In his scathing attack upon the unregenerate Scrooge, and his glorification by contrast of the kindliness, altruism, and general good-nature of the Cratchit family, Dickens was in his own special way joining in the fight for the cruelly exploited and under-esteemed workers in commerce and industry.

Jackson is reluctant to believe that Scrooge's conversion betrays Dickens's underlying faith in Victorian capitalists:

> The supernaturally induced repentance of Scrooge gives only a very superficial appearance of support to the notion that the employers in bulk could ever be relied upon for spontaneous benevolence. Rather does the whole parable seem to hint that only a thorough shaming, reinforced by the fear of terrors to come, could induce them to behave decently.

Of course, only the child-mind would refuse to see the social implications in "A Christmas Carol." It was written in the "hungry forties" when England was on the verge of open revolution. In the same year appeared Carlyle's "Past and Present," Mrs. Browning's "Cry of the Children," and Tom Hood's "Song of the Shirt," the last of these in the Christmas issue of *Punch*. Not only was the "Carol" conceived while Dickens's mind was running on the plight of the poor, but he was fully conscious of the power of its special pleading. In 1853 in Birmingham, after his first public reading of the story, he stipulated that he would repeat it only on condition that seats be reserved for working men at prices they could afford. Moreover, no mature reader could overlook the social significance of such passages as this:

> "But you were always a good man of business, Jacob," faltered Scrooge. . . .
>
> "Business!" cried the Ghost wringing its hands again. "Man-kind was my business. The common welfare was my business; charity, mercy, forbearance, and benevolence were, all, my business. The dealings of my trade were but a drop of water in the comprehensive ocean of my business."

Yet "A Christmas Carol" is not a social satire written with the venom which inspired "The Chimes" and "Hard Times." It is essentially a genial story. It is an argument against individual selfishness, not against a system which makes such selfishness possible; a plea for Christian charity, not for a society in which, presumably, such charity would be unnecessary. In the final reckoning, the reader must not forget Dickens's own statement of his modest aim in the Christmas books:

> My purpose was, in a whimsical kind of mask which the good-humor of the season justified, to awaken some loving and forbearing thoughts, never out of season in a Christian land.

The character of Scrooge may mirror the author's own schizoid personality. It certainly reflects Dickens's hatred of social injustice. Few readers, however, have bothered to peep beneath the author's whimsical mask. To most readers Scrooge is no more a subject for serious critical study than any fairy-story bogey-man.

How much is Dickens responsible for Christmas as we know it? In answering this question one can hardly separate the influence of the "Carol" from that of the author's other Christmas tales. Before the "Carol" appeared Dickens had treated the season at some length in one of the "Sketches by Boz" and in the scenes at Dingley Dell in "Pickwick Papers." After 1843 he published four more "Christmas books"—The Chimes" (1844), "The Cricket on the Hearth" (1845), "The Battle of Life" (1846), and "The Haunted Man" (1848) —as well as twenty shorter pieces in the Christmas numbers of *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*. But as Jackson has observed, only two of the Christmas books have scenes at Christmas time, and only three of the shorter tales contain any reference to the season. The first of the Christmas books has so far outstripped the others in popularity that the question might as well be asked this way: How much is "A Christmas Carol" responsible for Christmas?

So popular was the "Carol" during

—From the drawing in Harper's Weekly, 1870.
Charles Dickens

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the early years of its life that it became a commonplace for readers to assume that Dickens actually *invented* Christmas—almost as if there had been no medieval waits and carols, no Yule log, no wassail bowl, no Gospel according to St. Luke. As Professor Saintsbury once pointed out, "Scores and hundreds of passages from all ages of English literature refute this folly." On the other hand, only one serious rival stands forth to contest the claim that Dickens was the founder of the modern revival of interest in the Yuletide celebration. When William Dean Howells suggested modestly that he would "like to feel that it was Irving who set Christmas in the light in which Dickens saw its esthetic capabilities," it caused a minor international incident. An Englishman wrote indignantly to *Notes and Queries* protesting against the upstart American who sought "to rob us 'poor islanders' of the credit . . . for the revival of Christmas." Dickens, to be sure, was an ardent reader of Irving, but the "Carol" bears only the most superficial resemblance to the Irving Christmas.

At the end of the debunking twenties the Irish writer Thomas Burke gave Dickens nothing but discredit for reviving Christmas:

> Some say that about 1843 Christmas was dying, and that "The Christmas Carol" revived it. Perhaps it did but only by galvanizing its dying form into a Robot, which is the same as killing it. . . . With the publication of "The Christmas Carol" it lost its natural vigor and began to cultivate itself. The supreme success of that fable was a deathblow to the spirit it celebrated. By drawing attention to it Dickens made it self-conscious, and so destroyed it.
>
> Dickens held the mirror up to Christmas, and merry Christmas, shown itself, has never been merry since. He found it a festival, and left it a function. . . .
>
> After that book, everybody who at Christmas time had felt well-disposed toward others, and had marked the occasion by special little acts expressing that good disposition, began to think about good-will and began to do pleasant little things because it was Christmas. Worse still, all those who hadn't done these things, and never wanted to do them, also began to do them because it was Christmas and because they were afraid of being called *Scrooges.*

Out of this cavilling several truths emerge. Whether under the influence of Irving or not, Dickens certainly gave new life to the secular celebration of Christmas and did it without desecrating the religious festival. He certainly helped enormously to universalize and democratize the Christmas celebration.

In 1868 Dickens made his second visit to America. Tired and sick and prematurely old, living on a diet of rum, champagne, sherry, beef tea, cream, and soup, he trooped up and down the East in a farewell series of readings. In Boston in February, competing with the excitement over the impeachment proceedings against Andrew Johnson, he was still performing to a full house. "I have got to know the 'Carol' so well," he wrote on the 28th, "that I can't remember it, and occasionally go dodging about in the wildest manner, to pick up lost pieces. They took it so tremendously last night that I was stopped every five minutes. One poor young girl in mourning burst into a passion of grief about Tiny Tim and was taken out." By this time Americans were ready to forgive Dickens for the harsh words of "American Notes" and "Martin Chuzzlewit." They were willing to overlook the fact that the "Carol" itself contains a perfectly gratuitous allusion to the worthlessness of American credit.

Today the popularity of Dickens's novels is on the wane. Among the younger generation at least, Sidney Carton is a school exercise, Micawber is W. C. Fields, Pickwick is little more than a name. But Scrooge, a hundred years old, is still going strong. It would be hard to find a literate American who does not know him well or an English ambassador who has left such a lasting legacy of good will. Whether encountered in the original version, in a streamlined dramatization for school performance, or in the perennial radio rendition of Lionel Barrymore, the "Carol" remains the most universally popular of Dickens's works. We know that our Christmas is not the Dickens Christmas; Robert Benchley's Gummidges—presented "in the manner, if not the spirit, of Dickens"—reflect an authentic air of American Christmas bedlam that makes the effervescent revel of the Cratchits look like something out of Ruritania. We understand that, in this year of rationing, our Christmas dinner may be more remote than ever from the immortal gastronomic poem that popped open the eyes of the little Cratchits. But the ghost of the Dickens Christmas haunts us still.

What the Critics Said About Dickens and His "Christmas Carol"

As when a friend (himself in music's list)
Stands by some rare, full-handed organist,
And glorying as he sees the master roll
The surging sweets through all their depths of soul,
Cannot, encouraged by his smile, forebear
With his own hand to join them here and there;
And so, if little, yet add something more
To the sound's volume and the golden roar;
So I, dear friend, Charles Dickens, though thy hand
Needs but itself, to charm from land to land,
Make bold to join in summoning men's ears
To this thy new-found music of our spheres,
In hopes that by thy Household Words and thee
The world may haste to days of harmony.

—LEIGH HUNT, 1849, *To Charles Dickens.*

His more obvious excellences are of the kind which are easily understood by all classes—by the stable boy as well as the statesman. His intimate knowledge of character, his familiarity with the language and experience of low life, his genuine humor, his narrative power, and the cheerfulness of his philosophy, are traits that impress themselves on minds of every description. But, besides these, he has many characteristics to interest the highest order of the mind. They are such as to recommend him peculiarly to Americans. His sympathies seek out that class with which American institutions and laws sympathize—most strongly. He has found subjects of thrilling interest in the passions, sufferings, and virtues of the mass.

—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, 1842, New York Evening Post, *A Biography of William Cullen Bryan, ed. Godwin.*

It is the work of the master of all the English humorists now alive; the young man who came and took his place calmly at the head of the whole tribe, and who has kept it . . . Who can listen to the objections regarding such a book as this? It seems to me a national benefit, and to every man or woman who reads it a personal kindness.

—WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, 1844, *Christmas Carols by Dickens,* Fraser's Magazine.

Dickens's Christmas story is paltry; though one of its puns showed me how the English pronounce "Ma."

—JAMES ALEXANDER, 1849, *Forty Years' Familiar Letters.*

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Dickens, with preternatural apprehension of the language of manners and the varieties of street life; with pathos and laughter, with patriotic and still enlarging generosity writes London tracts. He is a painter of English details, like Hogarth; local and temporary in his tints and style, and local in his aims.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1856, *English Traits.*

Take any periodical in which there is a severe criticism of Dickens's last publication; and, ten to one, in the same periodical, and perhaps by the same hand, there will be a leading article, setting out with a quotation from Dickens that flashes on the mind of the reader the thought which the whole article is meant to convey, or containing some allusion to one of Dickens's characters which enriches the text in the middle and floods it an inch around with color and humor. —David Masson, 1859, *British Novelists and Their Styles.*

The critics may lash and tie him as they will; one, we observe, queries if he is to be ranked as a great novelist at all; another, still more fearfully astute, questions if he could lay any claim to genius. Well, well; let them have their talk; the tormenting flies may buzz all through our August—they cannot steal away our sunshine. The English reading people everywhere have taken Charles Dickens to their hearts, and they will hold him there. God bless his memory! It shall be green for us always.

—Donald G. Mitchell, 1870, *Hours at Home.*

Dickens sees and feels, but the logic of feeling seems the only logic he can manage. Thought is strangely absent from his works. I do not suppose a single thoughtful remark on life or character could be found throughout the twenty volumes. Not only is there a marked absence of the reflective tendency, but one sees no indication of the past life of humanity having ever occupied him; keenly as he observes the objects before him, he never connects his observations into a general expression, never seems interested in general relations of things. Compared with that of Fielding or Thackeray, his was merely an animal intelligence, i.e., restricted to perceptions. On this ground his early education was more fruitful and less injurious than it would have been to a nature constructed on a more reflective and intellectual type. It furnished him with rare and valuable experience, early developed his sympathies with the lowly and struggling, and did not starve any intellectual ambition. He never was and never would have been a student.

—George Henry Lewes, 1872, *Dickens in Relation to Criticism, Fortnightly Review.*

Satirists have stormed against the abuses of the court, and governments, the intrigues of statesmen, and the intolerance of the pulpit. But Dickens was the first to employ fiction as an instrument to tell the dark history of those human beings who herd in the loathesome alleys of our great cities, to show that men are allowed to rot out of life into eternity because a duty was neglected, which love ought to have dictated.

—Irving Walter, 1874, *Charles Dickens.*

He has an exuberance of animal spirits—a surplus vitality like that which makes him, after signing his name to a letter or note, give such a whirl of flourishing. . . . Sometimes his humour not only takes the show of mere animal spirits, but may be said to depend solely on them. . . . His boisterous fun and good-humour are like Smollett's, with this advantage, that to find his best things we have not to go to a dunghill and scratch them out.

—Samuel Davey, 1876, *Darwin, Carlyle and Dickens, and Other Essays.*

Dickens, alas! soon passed into a mannerism of artificial whimsicalities, alternating with shallow melodrama.

—Frederic Harrison, 1879-86, *The Choice of Books and Other Literary Pieces.*

Perhaps no one has succeeded better, or discovered a more effectual plan of drawing popular attention to public abuses, evils, and wrongs, than Dickens has done by mingling terrible descriptions of London misery and crime with the most amusing sketches of London life.

—Albert S. G. Canning, 1880, *Philosophy of Charles Dickens.*

Simple in its romantic design like one of Andersen's little tales, the "Christmas Carol" has never lost its hold upon a public in whom it has called forth Christmas thoughts which do not all center on "holly, mistletoe, red berries, ivy, turkeys, geese, game, poultry, brawn, meat, pigs, sausages, oysters, pies, puddings, fruit, and punch"; and the Cratchit household, with Tiny Tim, who did NOT die, are living realities even to those who have not seen Mr. Toole—an actor after Dickens's own heart—as the father of the family, shivering in his half-yard of comforter.

—Adolphus William Ward, 1882, *Dickens (English Men of Letters).*

Another characteristic of Dickens's is benevolence, and here in his "Christmas Carol" we see it: peace, charity, good will, does he not revel in it? Does he not give way to joyous raptures, shout and sing? Yes; and even dances with delight at the happiness of others. Does he not get right to the heart, and enter into every little detail of joy; and does he not send bubbling up pleasures and delights, which are in themselves the best Christmas anthems ever sung? —Stackpool E. O'Dell, 1882, *Phrenology: Its Truthfulness and Usefulness.*

The primary object of a novelist is to please; and this man's novels have been found more pleasant than those of any other writer. It might, of course, be objected to this, that though the books have pleased, they have been injurious, that their tendency has been immoral and their teaching vicious; but it is almost needless to say that no such charge has ever been made against Dickens. His teaching has ever been good. From all which, there arises to the critic a question whether, with such evidence against him as to the excellence of this writer, he should not subordinate his own opinion to the collected opinion of the world of readers. To me it almost seems that I must be wrong to place Dickens after Thackeray and George Eliot, knowing as I do that so great a majority put him above those authors. . . . Of Dickens's style it is impossible to speak in praise. It is jerky, ungrammatical, and created by himself in defiance of rules—almost as completely as that created by Carlyle. To readers who have taught themselves to regard language, it must, therefore, be unpleasant. But the critic is driven to feel the weakness of his criticism, when he acknowledges to himself—as he is compelled in all honesty to do—that with the language, such as it is, the writer has satisfied the great mass of the readers of his country. —Anthony Trollope, 1882-83, *An Autobiography.*

What a thrill ran through the whole English-speaking race when "A Christmas Carol in Prose" announced to it that Marley was dead, to begin with—as dead as a doornail. No carol that ever was sung so stirred the deep heart of humanity. The world laughed and cried over it, and Scrooge and Scrooge's nephew, and old Fezziwig, and Bob Cratchit, and Tiny Tim, became household words in a million homes. —Julia C. R. Dorr, 1885, *Christmas and Its Literature, The Book Buyer.*

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What SRL Reviewers Are Giving for Christmas

Books marked with an asterisk are suggested as especially suitable for men in the armed forces.

HALLETT ABEND	Origins of the American Revolution	Japan Fights for Asia	So Little Time	Battle Hymn of China	*The Battle Is the Pay-off
CHARLES D. ABBOTT	The Triumph of Life	Memoirs of a Superfluous Man	Tragedy at Law	The English People	Against a Darkening Sky
LOUIS ADAMIC	In Search of Myself	*Mother America	*Winter Tales	*Walt Whitman	*Brothers Under the Skin
JACQUES BARZUN	Liberal Education	*On Naval Warfare	*E. M. Forster	History of Music in Performance	*The Triumph of Life
VAN WYCK BROOKS	A Certain Measure	South American Journey	Part of a Lifetime	Pioneer to the Past	One World
STRUTHERS BURT	Under Cover	The Spy in America	Way for America	English Social History	The Innocent Voyage
BENNETT CERF	Men, Women, and Dogs	You're Sitting on My Eyelashes	Who's in Charge Here?	To All Hands	Bridge to Victory
RICHARD A. CORDELL	83 Days	Liberal Education	Walt Whitman	Under Cover	Four Plays—Lillian Hellman
COL. R. ERNEST DUPUY	*Makers of Modern Strategy	*Infantry Journal Reader	*Stonewall Jackson	*So Little Time	*The Toughest Fighting in the World
MARK GAYN	Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo	*Into the Valley	McSorley's Wonderful Saloon	U. S. Foreign Policy	*Intrigue (Omnibus)
FREDERICK GRUIN	*Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo	*Into the Valley	*A Tree Grows in Brooklyn	*c/o Postmaster	*McSorley's Wonderful Saloon
SIDNEY HOOK	*The Republic	*Freedom and Culture	Art and Freedom	Darkness at Noon	An Inquiry Into Meaning and Truth
H. M. KALLEN	*The Hero in History	In Praise of Wisdom	The Growth of American Thought	*The Human Enterprise	*Man and His Works
PERCIVAL R. KNAUTH	The Fruits of Fascism	There's Something in the Air	Airman's Odyssey	Barnaby	Arrival and Departure
HENRY B. KRANZ	*One World	The Forgotten Ally	The Apostle	*The Battle Is the Pay-off	*See What I Mean
WILLIAM S. LYNCH	McSorley's Wonderful Saloon	The Ministy of Fear	So Little Time	Clemenceau	Black Lamb and Grey Falcon
CARL T. NAUMBURG	*Pilgrim's Way	A Tree Grows in Brooklyn	So Little Time	*A Choice of Kipling's Verse	*Under Cover
H. A. OVERSTREET	Democratic Manifesto	New World A-Coming	Barnaby	George Washington Carver	A Time to Act
BONARO OVERSTREET	*The Screwtape Letters	*A Sense of Humus	Barnaby	Collected Poems of Edwin A. Robinson	*American Diary
FLETCHER PRATT	The Worm Ouroboros	Big Rock Candy Mountain	Year of Decision	*Scouting and Patrolling	
BEN RAY REDMAN	The Screwtape Letters	The Pilgrim's Regress	Out of the Silent Planet	The Desire to Please	Memoirs of a Superflous Man
R. ELLIS ROBERTS	The Screwtape Letters	The Wandering Scholars	Life of G. K. Chesterton	History of the Peloponnesian War	Home Front Memo
HENRY M. ROBINSON	Against This Rock	*The Stag's Hornbook	Midnight and Jeremiah	The Trespassers	*Makers of Modern Strategy
EDWIN L. SABIN	*The Wake of the Prairie Schooner	The Robe	*On Being a Real Person	Centennial Summer	*Primer for America
PAUL SCHUBERT	Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo	*The Battle Is the Pay-off	Makers of Modern Strategy	Les Miserables	Vanity Fair
KRISHNALAL SHRIDHARANI	The Promise	Between Tears and Laughter	*The American Spirit	*So Little Time	*War and Peace
BERNARD SOBEL	*Introduction to English and American Literature	*Treasury of Science	L'Assamoir	So Little Time	Howard's End
WALLACE STEGNER	Between Tears and Laughter	What to Do with Italy	New World A-Coming	Battle Hymn of China	Big Rock Candy Mountain
P. VAN DOREN STERN	So Little Time	George Washington Carver	Shakespeare (Modern Library)	This is My Brother	A History of the United States
PHIL STONG	*My World and Welcome to It	*Italian Conversation-Grammar	*1601	Tower of Steel	*Coming of Age in Samoa
MANYA G. STRUNSKY	The Life of G. K. Chesterton	Walt Whitman	Pride and Prejudice	Taps for Private Tussie	Russian Enigma
ORDWAY TEAD	The Apostle	Education at the Crossroads	The Human Situation	A Tree Grows in Brooklyn	
LOUIS UNTERMEYER	*Citizen Tom Paine	*The Big Rock Candy Mountain	*Grand Crossing	This Festive Season	No Boundary
NYM WALES	*My Native Land	Walt Whitman	Under Cover	The Rise of American Civilization	*Wild River
HANS W. WEIGERT	War and Peace	*You're Sitting on my Eyelashes	The Seventh Cross	*Who's in Charge Here?	Democratic Ideals and Reality
F. C. WEISKOPF	*Citizen Tom Paine	My Native Land	*The Democratic Spirit	*The Night of the Summer Solstice	Heart of Europe
HENRY C. WOLFE	*The War in Maps	*Mother America	Men of Mexico	Since Yesterday	A Treasury of Democracy

A listing of these books according to author and publisher may be found on page 54

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Mid-Season Almanac

A Reader's Guide to the Coming Books

AMY LOVEMAN

December 1

The twentieth century in America, as its artists from Charles Dana Gibson to Peter Arno satirized it, passes in review in "Cartoon Cavalcade," edited by Thomas Craven. . . . A vast mass of hitherto unfamiliar documentary material bearing on the Russian composer, which release by Moscow has made available to the author, makes Herbert Weinstock's "Tchaikovsky" a book of moment for the music lover. . . . Brilliance never had a subject more apt to its pen than has Max Beerbohm in the lecture on "Lytton Strachey," delivered at Cambridge University and now issued in a charming booklet. . . . Louis Fischer writes of "Empire." . . . Ten short stories of "Hitler's war against the moral code" are published in "The Ten Commandments."

December 2

Banner day for the detective story writers with Margaret Eckhard's "Before I Wake," in which German iniquity rears an ugly head in an idyllic California setting; Garnett Weston's "The Man with the Monocle," a spy thriller; and Chris Hale's "Hangman's Tie," wherein a corrupt city official is brought to book. . . . "The Complete Jefferson," arranged by Saul Padover, presents the full texts of Jefferson's major writings (except his letters) essays, speeches, biographical, and autobiographical writings. . . . "They Sent Me to Iceland," by Jane Goodell, is the stirring chronicle of a member of the first party of Red Cross recreational workers to bring enlivenment to service men marooned in an inclement arena of war.

December 6

Carpathian folk legends and lore, gathered together by Kazimierz P. Tetmayer in "Tales of the Tatras," make a colorful volume.

December 7

Paul Tabori writes a saga of courage and endurance, determination, and sacrifice in "They Came to London," which recounts the experiences of men of Nazi-overridden nations who escaped the Germans and lived to fight against them with the English. . . . In "Indian Crisis," John S. Hoyland analyzes the background of a tangled and portentous situation.

December 28

Kenneth Colegrave discusses a knotty subject in "The American Senate and World Peace."

December 29

Romance in which New England temperament is pitted against the ingrown clannishness of a Louisiana family, runs a dramatic course in Henry Bellamann's "Victoria Grandolet."

January 3

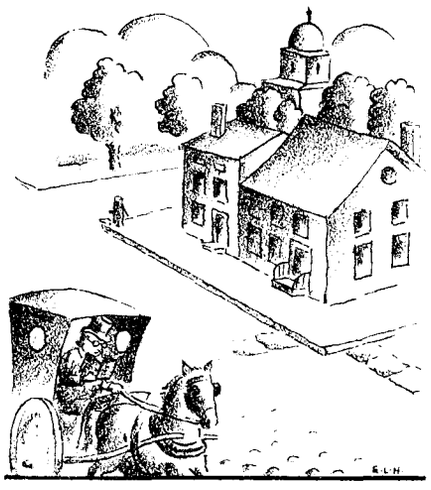
Walter Kerr presents an illuminating and informative analysis of "The Russian Army." . . . Briefly, rapidly, and vividly W. R. Burnett depicts the fate of a gangster in "Nobody Lives Forever."

January 4

"Far on the Ringing Plains," by George Rodger, recounts the war adventures of a *Life* photographer. . . . A little known incident forms the historical frame for Robert Standish's "Bonin," a novel placed in the middle of the last century when England and America both ruled over a Pacific isle over which Japan ultimately gained control. . . . A mystery story with a difference, "The Case of the Eighteenth Ostrich," by Colin Carzon, uses whimsy, fantasy, and clever dialogue to make an entertaining tale. . . . One of the most delightful of the recent works, E. Arnot Robertson's "The Signpost," sets a charming love idyll against a background of lowly Irish life.

January 5

Niven Busch writes a super-Western, with a historical setting, in "Duel in the Sun." . . . Fannie Hurst depicts a woman's checkered career in "Hallelujah." . . . Robert Carse depicts our merchant marine in "Lifeline: The Ships and Men of Our Merchant Marine at Sea."



January 7

Red-letter event—the appearance of the first volume of George Santayana's autobiography, "Persons and Places: Memories of Childhood and Youth." . . . Another monosyllabic-titled work from Charles G. Norris in "Flint."

January 9

Konstantin Simonov's "No Quarter" depicts the Russian war effort with understanding, knowledge, and insight.

January 13

Murder and mystery in the Beekman Place section of New York run an exciting course in Elizabeth Daly's "Arrow Pointing Nowhere."

January 17

Delightful reading in Angela Thirkell's "Growing Up," another of the author's entertaining novels about upper-class English county life with some familiar characters and more new ones proving with what dignity and urbanity a civilized people can live even in wartime.

January 18

Boris Skomorovsky describes "The Siege of Leningrad." . . . Borgeld Dahl gives an inspiriting account of the successful fight she waged against partial blindness in "I Wanted to See." . . . Nelson C. Nye writes a Western with all fitting concomitants in "Cartridge-Case Law."

January 19

In "God's Englishman," Leland Dewitt Baldwin analyzes the evolution of the Anglo-Saxon spirit. . . . I. V. Morris relates the experiences of refugees on their way to America in his novel, "Liberty Street, America."

January 20

"Winter Wheat," by Mildred Walker, tells the tale of a wheat-growing family's struggle against difficulties in Montana, which state affords an effective background for the story.

January 25

Phyllis Argall writes in "My Life with the Enemy" of girlhood and youth in Japan to which she was taken as a child.

February 1

Good reading for the mystery story addicts in "Conqueror Inn," by E. R. Runshon.

February 2

Brazil's greatest novel, Enclides da Cunha's "Rebellion in the Backlands," the tale of the crushing of the revolt of a religious fanatic by the Federal forces, makes its appearance in Eng-

(*Continued on page* 62)

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The Poetry Roundup

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

TO me the "find" of this season is "Ziba" by James Pipes. According to his own words he "would rather listen to the Negroes hammer the word-drum they carved from the Language-Tree" than anything else. He says,

> I guess I was lucky enough to be in a section where there were the best English shakers in the world. In the winter time I would sit on the bench in the Forty Acre Store with my little fox terrier dog asleep with her head on my foot. Sometimes I thought I was asleep too, because those word-rollers just wheeled me right into another world —a world of blue ether, white ether, panther tongues, rainbow dust, frolics, dumb-suppers, and razonbo. Sometimes they got so far up into the High English Mountains they had to fan their Jaw-ree fire to keep the words warm. They built so many Jaw-ree fires and caught lightning in a cup so often it would take nine hours to tell.

That's from a letter to me from the author, after I had read his book and had expressed my enthusiasm for it. The Forty-Acre Store is in the swamplands of Louisiana, at a crossroads within five miles of the Mississippi River, and there came Negro workers from the sawmills and cotton plantations, from the levee camps and the cane farms of the delta. They talked, and James Pipes took notes and caught their speech, and then wrote him a book about "Big Iron" and "Ziba," about "Mule Mountain," "Jaw-Bone Town," and "Angels in Overalls." My brother once wrote a story, now famous, called "Freedom's a Hard-Bought Thing," and the corollary to that in this book is the long poem "Freedom Is a Word." All the poems are long chants. They are great to read aloud. This book is the most remarkable treasury of Negro expression since "Green Pastures." Discover it for yourselves! The Oklahoma University Press has made a fine looking book of it and the decorations by Edith Mahier are exactly right.

John Masefield has passed his zenith and his writing has been thinned and worn by too close application. But this new book of reminiscence in verse, "Wonderings," which is, incidentally, appearing serially in *The Atlantic Monthly*, is interesting as telling of the gloomy England he knew in his youth. The fault was not in the people of the land, but "Below, lay hell, above, stupidity." What we glibly call "social and economic conditions" made this hell, from which most of England is even now just emerging. An England that, even after the last war, seemed

> Of cringing starvelings haggard in the face;
> Unlettered, unimpassioned and unled,
> Want in the heart and claptrap in the head;
> Working at games, despising art and thought,
> Its over-toiling millions making naught,
> Naught, for their lives' exhaustions put in pay,
> That thinking man would wish to see today.

It is a book we all should read, we who are—we say—about to build a new world. The next stanza to the last speaks for many a young soldier of England now on the battle-line:

> And never think that poets want the moon;
> They want an England better than the last,
> An England using to the full its skills,
> Not the dead England of our discontent
> Where life-long weariness just paid the rent
> And long dead custom set the dreary tune
> Forever thwarting the heroic wills
> And riveting each daybreak to the past.

ZIBA. By James Pipes. Norman, Oklahoma: The University of Oklahoma Press. 1943. 189 *pp.* $2.50.

WONDERINGS. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1943. 64 *pp.* $3.75.

THE FOURTH DECADE. By Norman Rosten. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1943. 142 *pp.* $2.

POEMS 1923-1943. *By James Daly. New York: The Dryden Press.* 103 *Park Avenue.* 1943. 148 *pp.* $2.50.

AGAINST A BACKGROUND ON FIRE. By Frederick Mortimer Clapp. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1943. 154 *pp.* $2.50.

MAP OF MY COUNTRY. By John Holmes. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1943. 104 *pp.* $2.

THE VOICE OF BATAAN. By Carlos Bulosan. New York: Coward-McCann. 1943. 28 *pp.* $1.

THE VIOLENT. By Harry Brown. Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions. 1943. 47 *pp.* $1.

SACRED AND SECULAR ELEGIES. By George Barker Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions. 1943. 30 *pp.* $1.

SHADOWED VICTORY. By Arthur Stringer. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1943. 78 *pp.* $1.50.

CONNECTICUT LEGEND. By Katharine B. Burt. Old Lyme, Conn.: The Alice Rogers Shop. (Privately Printed). 1943. 75 *pp.* $1.50.

LET THERE BE LIGHT. By Dorothy Hobson. New York: Bruce Fitzgerald, 327 *West* 18*th Street.* 1943. 51 *pp.* $1.50.

LOUDER THAN THE DRUM. By Gerard Previn Meyer. New York: Bruce Fitzgerald. (By the League to Support Poetry). 1943. 51 *pp.* $1.50.

MORTAL HUNGER. By Gustav Davidson. Powell, Wyoming: Alan Swallow. Box 803. 1943. 31 *pp.* $1.

WINTER SOLSTICE. By Gerald Bullet. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1943. 14 *pp.* 35c.

SKY-COLOR. (Lyrics and Sonnets). By Isabel Fiske Conant. Dallas, Texas: The Kaleidograph Press. 1943. 75 *pp.* $1.50.

Young spirits awake we have in our own land. Norman Rosten's is one. He writes of today in powerful measure—of Bataan, of the war for the Republic in Spain, of the heroic city of Sevastopol in siege. It is good to have a book like this, alive to great issues. One of the best pages in his book is his word picture of the International Brigades marching through Barcelona, with the lips of the people moving, *"hijo mio* my son my son."

> Jim Lardner, Bill Schultz, Ralph Neafus,
> the anonymous and lost, the thousand names . . .
> In the warm valley or the snow of Teruel,
> at Guadarrama or the rolling Guadalajara,
> do not be lonely, you who remain forever
> in this dry alien ground, far from home.
>
> Death has only one language.

Rosten is concerned with the external world and its action. He writes of it with the full force of good prose, not always with the full force of poetry, but that does not so much matter. He knows where lie the heroes, in the warm waters of Subic Bay, on the sands of Lingayen Beach, in

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Norman Rosten

James Pipes

James Daly

the gum-tree forests of Bataan, with the slaughtered children of Guernica, in the Badajoz bull-ring, by Sevastopol's rock, in among the resisting stones of Stalingrad. He knows what price this age is paying that the spirit of man may go on. This is a good book, like an automatic, compact and hard.

There is another voice of Bataan too, the voice of a Filipino poet, Carlos Bulosan, who wrote on one of the Four Freedoms in that illustrated series in a great popular weekly. He lives now in Los Angeles. He knows that when Bataan fell, Defeat was Victory.

> The winds of hope cry out their names; the heroes
> Who, fighting lived their lives over again; dying,
> They became immortal among the dead.

It is hard to believe we are not reading a terse Greek epitaph on Thermopylae. There is a line of Bulosan's we might take for a watchword, "Fighting one enemy and one war," and add to it, "wherever found." Americans should be glad to welcome this poet from one of our great allies.

"Poems 1923-1943," by James Daly, is the first poetry publication of the Dryden Press. Hitherto available only in limited editions, Daly's poetry is now issued in a volume of the best of his work chosen from several books and one unpublished manuscript. Such literary critics as James T. Farrell, Kenneth Burke, and George Dillon who won the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry in 1932, have given his work high praise. Daly's Celtic heritage is that he gives one the impression of listening for those overtones not many of us can hear. He can snare excessively delicate rhythms, his touch is always light and sure, his apprehension subtle. Owing to reasons of space I am compelled to quote one of the more obvious of his poems, because it is one of the briefer—but note how much of the city he has caught in a few lines:

CITY

> It's noises the triphammer drill the
> Incessant riveting the bang and roll of
> Trash-cans the clash of gears the El wheels
> The pneumatic tumult of subways
> The booming headlines the never-stillness of
> Always some voice some footstep
> It's the truck-rumbled dawns the taxied dusks
> The chug and thud of buses the
> Sticky whine of tires the angry horns the clang of
> Fire-trucks the cataclysmic sirens the cop-whistles
> It's noises that mean city

I take another young poet next, together with an older. John Holmes has been writing for ten years or so. His first book appeared in 1937. He teaches at Tufts. He writes clean, clear stuff of life as he is experiencing it, and gives the reader a word or two about it in prose as a preface to his new book. There's a section here called "In a Classroom" that Mr. Holmes may not like the best in his book, but it seems to me to throw a human light on the whole business of teaching. This man is growing, and already has a deal of sympathy and insight. His is a friendly book, a good companion for the young.

Frederick Mortimer Clapp's work I have followed now for some time. He is more subtle and figurative than John Holmes. He writes, it would seem, with great care, and you must follow him carefully. When he meditates upon "Destroyers on Sky Line" he has a larger and deeper view of life than the journalistic writer. When he contemplates the pensive vulture he opines

> His race was born too long ago to see
> itself the image of a deity
> men, in their pride, conceive themselves to be.

Sometimes Mr. Clapp uses words or expressions that are pretty well-worn, but in the main his observation is fresh, his commentary his own. He furnishes much food for civilized thought.

Next are two stories in verse, one by a well-known Canadian writer of prose and verse, Arthur Stringer; another by a woman unknown to me as a writer. Mr. Stringer uses rhyme and blank verse, with interspersed lyrics, in a story of the West Canadian wheatfields, two men and a woman, and the Second World War. Katharine B. Burt, in "Connecticut Legend," tells a story of the Connecticut quarries, of a girl and two men. The first is a story of love and loss and war tragedy, nearer and more vital to us than the other, which is, however, told in a fashion more difficult (rhymed throughout and never descending to the woodenness of portions of Mr. Stringer's narrative). Miss Burt's story, albeit melodramatic, is also handled in a somewhat more original way.

Harry Brown and George Barker are both unusual poets. Brown is now in our fighting forces, and some of these poems of his, in "The Violent," have appeared in *The New Yorker* and other magazines. His best book so far has been his keenly vivid narrative on Bunker Hill; but this thin volume of shorter pieces is accomplished and quite of the period. "Epitaph for a Fashionable Lady," one of the smoothest, if not one of the best, might serve as the epitaph of a whole quarter-century between World Wars. If W. H. Auden has shown Brown the way toward a sophisticated blend of poetry and light verse, Brown has his own way of using the method. It is interesting to see the moderns returning to fixed forms after their own fashion! As a lover of mystery stories in an era of mystery stories, "Preparation for a Mystery" is, after all, the poem for my money. It has just the proper ingredients.

George Barker, a young English poet who was recently in this country, has written a series of elegies for the time. He can be brilliant, and he can

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be baffling. As proof of his literary merit here is the first verse of "Elegy III":

Satan is on your tongue, sweet singer, with
Your eye on the income and the encomium,
Angels rhapsodise for and from their faith.
And in the studios of chromium
Lucifer seduces Orpheus with a myth.

He speaks for the scapegoat generations, "scissored at birth from the past." Yet he is nearer the past in this small book, than, it would seem to me, to the present. To me it is full of nostalgia.

Gustav Davidson's "Mortal Hunger" is definitely nostalgia. But his manner of writing dates very much, as when a poem to "Lucifer-Astarte" begins,

You who are
The whole of heaven purloined in a star

ending

And down the heavenly street
Leave only the black divinity of your feet!

We can imagine the Nineties of the *Yellow Book* going into ecstasies over such a poem.

Dorothy Hobson has conducted the League to Support Poetry in a praiseworthy manner. As a poet herself she is forthright and a good workman. If she never surprises by a fine excess she does write poetry everyone can understand, and writes it as a serious and sensitive craftsman. Gerard Previn Meyer with "Louder Than the Drum" is one of a number of good poets Miss Hobson has helped to publication. His book has originality and promise, and I shall watch for Meyer hereafter. Gerald Bullett's "Winter Solstice" (English) is an accomplished performance, but no more. And, to conclude, Isabel Fiske Conant now gives us another book of poems which combines a sincere love of poetry, an occasional felicity, and certain rather obvious things.

Romanticism—Yesterday and Today

ROMANTICISM AND THE MODERN EGO. By Jacques Barzun. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1943. 359, *vii pp.* $2.25.

Reviewed by CHRISTIAN GAUSS

IT IS a delight to come upon a book as well informed and as well written as Jacques Barzun's "Romanticism and the Modern Ego." In his opening pages Mr. Barzun warns us not to forget the second half of his title. He is going to discuss "not some vague literary or emotional complex loosely known as Romantic, but the meaning of a whole age as seen by another—our own." Romanticism to Mr. Barzun is the spring from which all the significant nineteenth century currents of thought and feeling have taken their rise. After 1850 it transforms itself into realism and later in the decade from 1870-1880 into naturalism and symbolism. To treat all this is, of course, a large order, too large to be carried out in detail in a short volume of only 212 pages of text. If we cannot, therefore, expect Mr. Barzun to give us as full or as satisfactory a treatment of symbolism, for instance, as Edmund Wilson gave us in "Axel's Castle," he has given us one of the most significant over-all revaluations of nineteenth-century philosophy and literature that have appeared in recent years.

Since every foot of the territory covered by Mr. Barzun has been the battleground of the anti-romantic critics, he has wisely elected to confine himself to the central problems involved. He does this with a fine sweep and handles ideas with a refreshing competence and dexterity. Matters of controversy are relegated to over a hundred pages of Notes and References. He begins by puncturing the myth that the life of reason alone has ever existed and calls Thucydides to witness that the supposed "serenity" of classical ages has never existed in fact. The political and social life of the classical Greeks was turbulent, passionate, chaotic. He holds that there is never an emotion without an idea, nor an idea without an emotion, the "impression that reason is wholly aloof from passion . . . is an illusion—the illusion upon which classicism builds its society." The essence of modern romanticism he finds in Pascal's sense of the coexistence of the infinitely petty and the infinitely great, in "man's sense of his energy and of his weakness." "The classicist dwells on the reality of the abstract and the general: the romanticist school on the concrete fact." It is for this reason that the romantics are, in spite of many of their critics, closer to realism. The reason that the controversy between classicism and romanticism remains so much alive is that both have much to be said for them.

He next takes up the accusation that Rousseau was the father of modern tyranny and that Fichte and Hegel laid the basis for the Hitlerian dictatorship. He reminds his readers that during the period in which Fichte and Hegel wrote Germany was overrun by Napoleon and their plea for a strong state was in the interest of their own liberation. Hegel in 1821 was to demand parliamentary institutions for his country and one of his last articles on the English Reform Bill was suppressed by the Prussian censorship. It is true that Fichte makes extravagant claims for German superiority but Mr. Barzun reminds us that quite similar claims have at various times been made for Italian, Spanish, French, and Anglo-Saxon leadership. This does not indicate that fascism is the "new romanticism." French classicism thrived under the absolutism of Louis XIV and believed in authoritarianism. Romanticism is on the whole more favorable to libertarian attitudes and to popular sovereignty.

The lesson of romanticism which at this time should interest us most is, as Mr. Barzun points out, one to which William James called attention long before Hitler. There is, as the romantics hold, an immense reservoir of energy in man. This may be used to set up oppressive world dictatorships or it may be used to advance the welfare of all in a "Century of the Common Man." What is clearly imperative is that society establish some socially useful means of channelizing these surplus energies of men. To Mr. Barzun the "popular contrast between a civilizing reason and a barbarous irrational romanticism is utter nonsense."

The least satisfactory section of Mr. Barzun's volume is the one dealing with the modern ego. This is partly because he has dealt with some of the virtues of the modern ego in his "Of Human Freedom" and elects here to deal with its vices, as represented in modern literature and art. The first striking trait he finds to be excessive self-consciousness, the fear of being wrong, of being ridiculous, of being

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taken in. This results in over-elaboration, a holy terror of the obvious, and thinness of output as in T. S. Eliot and Valéry. It means no longer laughing at one's self or at things as they are, and results in an "uneasy and immediate laugh intended to forestall derision by another or by one's self later." This goes so deep in some, Noel Coward or Evelyn Waugh for instance, that they do not hesitate to represent cruelty as funny. All this is significant criticism as applied to particular artists but it is a mistake to believe that this is an exclusively contemporary disease. Stendhal worshipped romantic energy and occasionally presents the cruel as interesting and amusing but probably no man ever lived in greater terror of being a dupe. In his case this dread of dupery is so excessive that it is itself ridiculous. He presents far more than a superficial resemblance with Ernest Hemingway.

Mr. Barzun is right in holding that the present generation of artists so bitter against everything romantic are really the lineal descendants of romanticism. With more space at his disposal he could have shown that as Scott Fitzgerald himself realized "All the Sad Young Men" of the 1920's merely brought up the rear of the melancholy procession that began with the Werthers and the Renés. This juxtaposition of strikingly incongruous imagery which is the essence not only of Dali's surrealism but of so much of our contemporary poetry is nothing new. Our poets like to claim kinship with the English metaphysicals who on occasion used profane sexual imagery to connote sacred spiritual truths. Not a little of their "wit" results from this stretching the gamut of their imagery. Our contemporaries forget that this principle of the use of violent contrast was erected into the central principle of romanticism in Victor Hugo's "Préface de Cromwell." The difference is that the sense for any central truths or desiderata has become in many cases so lamentably weak that the use of contrast becomes empty formalism. We wish that Mr. Barzun could have discussed the reasons for this weakening and disintegration. In the process those who like Eliot and Valéry are most closely akin to the minor poets of early romanticism like Gerard de Nerval become the greatest poets of our time and the really major poets like Byron and Hugo disappear. They are written off as plebian and inartistic.

From the temper in which his book is written we believe Mr. Barzun would agree with much of this. He has won his place in the front rank of our philosopher historians. Our only regret is that he did not carry his analysis further and our only criticism of his brilliantly written little volume is that it is too brief.

Elder Statesman Among Psychologists

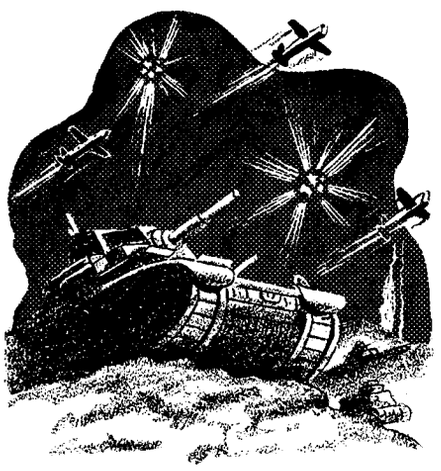
MAN AND HIS WORKS. By Edward Lee Thorndike. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1943. 205 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by H. M. KALLEN

IF William James ever gives his immortal liberty to interludes of listening to the lectures which Harvard University consecrates to his memory, these by one of his most distinguished pupils must have yielded him a particular pleasure. He will have heard little in them that in his days on earth was known as psychology, yet have recognized in the ideas they set forth the judgments and wisdom of a sound psychologist, spoken very directly, very simply, and often with a dry humor which will have warmed the grand old humanist's gizzard.

To those at all familiar with Edward Thorndike's teachings, the lectures would bring nothing new; they would impress constant readers and his colleagues as a sort of brief formulation of the lecturer's findings concerning the powers and limitations of the human species. But the lectures are not addressed to professional psychologists, nor even lay ones. They are addressed to students of language, political science, law, and sociology, and to "any thoughtful amateur in the sciences of man if he can read them with interest, and" declares Dr. Thorndike, "I have tried to make them interesting." I can add heartily that, whether one agrees with him or not, he has succeeded.

It is now about half a century since this influential elder statesman among American psychologists began his investigation of mind with an experiment on cats in a puzzle box invented for the purpose. The investigator wanted to find out what was fixed and was changed in the animal psyche, what was unlearned and unmodifiable and what could be learned and modified. From cats he passed to other beasts, from beasts to human children, from children to grown-ups, from individuals to groups, from groups to communities and cities. In method Mr. Thorndike sought the control of conditions, the objectivity of observation and quantitative exactness of which the physical sciences provided a model. As early as 1904 he wrote an exposition of mental and moral measurements. He became the prophet and pioneer of "testing," the psychologist of learning and the like. Statistics is integral to his method. Of all his varied undertakings the theme-song seems to have been, precisely to separate the invariants of our original nature from the variables of our acquired characters and to measure both with a view to prediction and control in school and in the world beyond.



In a sense, "Man and his Works" makes a sort of philosophical code to Mr. Thorndike's research magnificent. Its summing up reduces man's infinite variety of works and ways to a resultant of the interaction of "original nature" and an environment which was not precisely made for it. Man's original nature Mr. Thorndike here prefers to speak of as the "genes." These are the springs of all our action, of all its shapes, force, and conclusion. For the most part the environment has no effect on them. It can release or suppress them. It can modify or distort their overt expression. But it cannot alter them. "Acquired" traits are not transmitted; they are "learned," and they depend upon the establishment of connections. Man's mind is "his connection system, adapting the responses of thought, feeling, and action that he makes to the situations that he meets." Other psychologists to the contrary notwithstanding, the connections are all consequences of "repetition" and "reward." If we find ourselves in a situation calling for unprecedented adjustments, we proceed by the method of trial and error. Sooner or later a sequence of responses happens which ends in success. The mark of it is the "satisfyingness" of the terminal response, which somehow "after a connection has operated works back upon the connection to strengthen or reënforce it." Thorndike would have us believe that this work-back for reward or "confirming reaction" is a "sort of teleological causation," but

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is nevertheless a naturalistic biological mechanism functioning like a hormone, not a syllogism, and functioning with respect to each specific situation each specific moment of our lives. This "reward," rather than punishment, is the condition of learning, for an action gets stronger through reward than it gets weaker through pain or punishment, and is the more likely to recur and develop into a habit. Therein it is not only the condition of man's self-preservation but also of his self-creation, the dynamic of his freedom. For in the "confirming reaction," man is free.

> It is issued by a man when that man is satisfied. That man originates as a certain collection or battery or outfit of genes which is by definition and hypothesis apart from and contrasted with its environment. Day by day that man has changed his nature partly by the influence of his own confirmations of connections whose consequences satisfy him. Each person is to that extent an *imperium in imperio naturae*. Each person is a center of creative force, modifying himself more or less to suit himself.

What a consequence for connectionist psychology! Do not the delighted chuckles of William James rain down from the high vault of heaven!

By virtue of the "confirming reaction" a human being, then, is a free man. But his freedom operates in an intimate environment of other men all free in the same way, and each connected with the others through an indefinite manifold of relations which ultimately involve lasting or alternating dominance or submission. These relations, as they obtain and lapse, make up all the life an institution or a community can have. Knowledge of their causes is power over their consequences, and each has its singular quality which the psychologist must discern if he is to contribute to human betterment. His most potent aid in discernment is language, "man's greatest invention." Dr. Thorndike has given considerable time to the study of language. He has compiled on his psychological principles a streamlined dictionary for use in schools; he has based a doctrine of meaning on those principles, and established to his own satisfaction that meaning rests on repetition and reward, and that repetition and reward are the *fons et origo* of language. This theory of the origin of language Dr. Thorndike baptizes the *babble-luck* theory, to coordinate with its elder brothers, *Ding-dong, Bow-wow, Posh-posh*. He argues that his theory is more elegant and economical than the non-connectionist alternatives; it is able, on a calculation of the probabilities, to derive the infinite variety of any language out of babble by luck. The probabilities are also that if he is not right, he can't be more wrong than his competitors and critics.

Having disposed of language, Mr. Thorndike then applies his dynamics of repetition and reward to government, crime, and punishment, and welfare, personal and communal. His conclusions are that the "confirming reaction" favors passivity rather than activity, that the desire for self-government is weak, that our interest in public affairs is small. By original nature man is not a political animal. He can learn to be one and to like it, in the degree that he can identify himself with his community in two ways—as a member and as an owner. Owing to the inertia of original nature, ruling tends to become a profession like that of an hereditary aristocrat or machine politician, and its tasks tend to make the ruler monopolize power and assume an infallibility he in fact cannot possess. The best rule should be, as it tends to be in business and industry, "functional rather than hierarchical," *i.e.*, with the confirming reaction ensuing upon competency, not authority. Then the top executive is "one third father confessor, one third judge, one third errand boy" for his department of experts. Such a relation between ruler and ruled would of course also tend to alter "the law" which, as presently constituted, embodies an archaic adjustment to needs consecrated by the familiarity of custom and habit, those breeding content rather than contempt. Law employs an outmoded, artificial psychology advantageous to its purpose which should be replaced by that of science, and is, Dr. Thorndike avows, "that the law may be wisely trusted to improve itself." He points to Jeremy Bentham, "a great lawyer who was also a psychologist," but does not concede that in the twentieth century Bentham has many emulators, as he has.

An evil which much occupied Bentham was the criminal law. Dr. Thorndike gives a lecture to "the psychology of punishment" that our men of law could well ponder. Experiments, he says, have established that "a connection made and punished was more likely to be made again than if it had not been made at all"; that studies of animals and men confirm the judgment that while rewards do strengthen tendencies, punishments do not weaken them. Alike for individuals, communities, and nations, not punishment and coercion, but the number and variety of rewards ponderable and imponderable, for "desirable activities," are the effective instruments of law and order.

Such "desirable activities" taken together are the substance of welfare. For the individual Dr. Thorndike specifies twenty-six, among them such unconventional ones as to "rest undisturbed, protected from the elements and from bad and uncongenial men"; self-approval, absence of shame and remorse; the exercise of "power over some persons, animals, things, or ideas making them do one's will"; the service of "a worthy master"; participation in events thought important; competition with one's peers, and fifty per cent of successes; self-emulation, "adventure, risk and danger," being angry and attacking something; being free "to discover and publish verifiable truth."

Presumably the good community is one that facilitates these activities among its members. As criteria Dr. Thorndike lists seventy-two specifications, thirty-seven of which he derived from a study of the "official records of the status of over 300 cities." With his assistants he analyzed health and crime records, schools, libraries, and museums, school enrollment, recreation, teachers' salaries, public works, cars, radios, and magazine circulation, intelligence scores for children and adults, the record of public officials, esthetic merit, public and private; justice, and understanding between dominant and submissive groups in the community. Among his findings: the good community is a prosperous community, intelligence, industry, refinement, honesty go with material prosperity; factory towns make better communities than country settlements; size of church membership has no relation to welfare. The recipe for welfare is: "Put able and good people in the community and provide them with high incomes." He gives very high ratings to Pasadena, Montclair, Cleveland Heights, Brookline, and Evanston; very low ones to Augusta, Georgia; Columbus, Georgia, Meridian, High Point, and Charleston, South Carolina.

What follows?

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New Attitudes Toward Russia

THE RUSSIAN ENIGMA. By William Henry Chamberlin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1943. 321 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by GEORGE S. COUNTS

ALMOST a generation ago there occurred in Russia a revolution that, in the words of John Reed, "shook the world." This revolution has continued to shake the world down to the present day. It will continue to shake the world in the years ahead. But precisely what course it will take from this point on no one can say with assurance. From the first, the Russian Revolution has disappointed again and again both its friends and its enemies. For some time yet it will doubtless continue to do so.

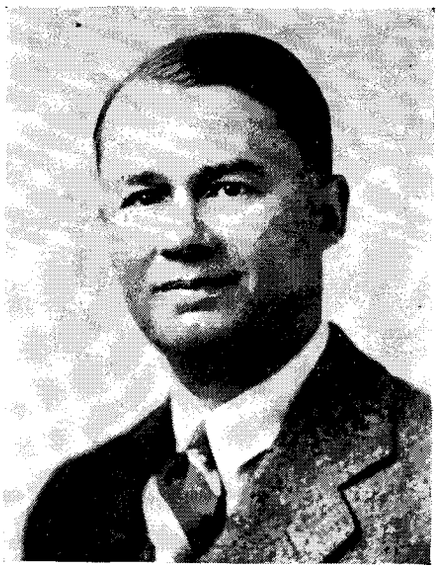
The revolution not only destroyed the despotism of the Romanoffs. In its basic philosophy it also presented itself to mankind as the spearhead of a revolution destined to sweep the earth, overthrow the capitalistic system everywhere, and establish a universal system of peace, socialism, and brotherhood among the nations. That it aroused interest among all classes in all countries is to put the case mildly. It became the subject of bitterest controversy. Throughout these years in many quarters one's attitude toward the Soviet Union was the touchstone by which one's acts in other fields, whether literature or politics, were judged.

The American people in particular displayed an avid interest in the Russian Revolution. As individuals and as groups they visited the Soviet Union to have a first-hand look at the "great experiment." And nearly every one of these travelers on his return, regardless of his initial competence or the length of his sojourn in the country, felt called upon to speak or write authoritatively about the "land of the Soviets."

A better understanding on the part of the American people of the Soviet Union is now extremely urgent. In fact it would be difficult to think of anything that is more urgent. On such understanding the peace of the world obviously hangs. When the war is over Russia will be the greatest land power on the earth; America the greatest sea and air power. Also these two countries will be the leading industrial states of the world. If they stand together, there will be peace; if they become rivals, there will be war.

The foregoing is a long introduction to the book under review. But such an introduction is necessary. For here is a book that, if widely read, should go far toward removing the prejudice (negative and positive) of the American people toward Russia. The book is not sensational in the least. On the contrary, it is solid and scholarly. Written by one who knows the Soviet Union as only a half-dozen Americans know it, written by one who has lived in the country for twelve years and studied the long history of the Russian people, the book is designed to give real understanding. "The key to such an understanding" writes Mr. Chamberlin, "does not lie in the childish attitude of indiscriminately praising or indiscriminately condemning everything in Russia because of some preconceived doctrinaire like or dislike. It lies rather in an adult effort to comprehend intelligently the new Soviet order, its psychology, ideals, and objectives." This book is clearly for those who have grown up or desire to grow up in their attitude toward Russia.

Mr. Chamberlin begins his account with a brief summary of the prerevolutionary Russian heritage, describes the land and the peoples of the country, and then reports the course of the revolution, the transition from Leninism to Stalinism, the character of Stalin, the Soviet government and economy, the trends in foreign policy, the trials and purges, the entrance into the war, and the present supreme and heroic struggle for survival. He closes with an appraisal of the sources of Russia's strength and a consideration of Russia in the postwar world. All of these subjects he treats with great knowledge and admirable restraint. Indeed, he reports Russia to the American people precisely as I would want a Russian writer to report America to the peoples of the Soviet Union—neither all black nor all white, but rather the true story of the struggle of a great people to master one of the deepest crises of its history and to build a better future.



William Henry Chamberlin

The major contribution of the book is the perspective which it gives the reader. The revolution itself is appropriately placed in the history of Russia. And then the great shifts during the period of Soviet power in institutional arrangements and ideology, in family relations, in economics and politics, in education and religion, in basic loyalties and purposes are presented. The book concludes on an optimistic note, optimistic with respect to political liberty within the Soviet Union and with respect to collaboration with the great democratic powers. Let us all hope that the years will justify this optimism and that the American people will go at least half way in an effort to transform the present partnership enforced by the war into a relationship of enduring friendship, trust, and coöperation.

The Changeful Dove

or

THE FIRST STRAW

By Dorothy Leonard

I AM resolved I'll never build another—
My last one was too powerful a nest;
The children cried from dawn till dark for fodder;
I never got a single second's rest.

The ledge was chill and very inconvenient,
Sparrows above and radios below
And a hilarious Chatauqua pennant
That hits one when the stronger breezes blow.

I love to fly around some golden statue
Or roost at fancy with unquarried craw.
Nursing is dull and liberty a virtue.—
I wish I hadn't seen that perfect straw!

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The Things War Machines Can Do

SCIENCE AT WAR. By George W. Gray. New York: Harper & Bros. 1943. 296 *pp.* $3.

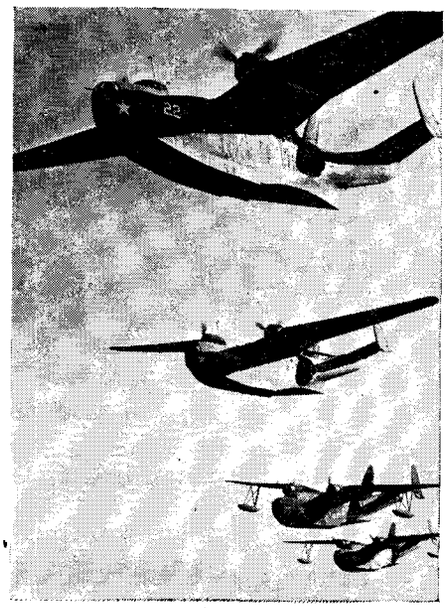
Reviewed by BERNARD JAFFE

MORE than two thousand years ago Archimedes beat back the Roman legions at Syracuse with giant mechanical slings and other machines built with his knowledge of mathematics and mechanics. Ever since then scientists have been called upon to help win wars. The accelerated tempo of modern scientic advance has made the role of the scientist more vital than ever. Hitler knew this, and his engineers fashioned his war machine out of the three new giants of twentieth-century scientific discovery. Synthetic chemistry supplied him with new alloys, new fuels, new rubber, new nitrates. The airplane gave him a formidable Luftwaffe, and radio and electronics furnished the nerves for his vast and intricate monster.

Mr. Gray gives the first fairly complete report of the contributions of science to the war being fought around the world. During the first year of this war Hitler's machine seemed irresistible. But Hitler's plan for world conquest was doomed to fail, for he had not reckoned with one fact. His ultra-scientific juggernaut was compounded of many cunning applications of science, but it contained not a single new basic discovery. There was not a single secret fundamental principle in the whole of it. It was put together by scientific data and laws tracked down in research laboratories from all parts of the earth. Science, fortunately, is an international development, and the fields of science had not been preëmpted by the fascists.

When, therefore, the Luftwaffe tried to bomb England into submission in 1940 it failed. German air power was successfully met by two weapons built out of the same equations and formulas used by the Axis engineers. In 1935 Robert Alexander Watson Watt, an English physicist, hit upon an idea which was developed into the *radiolocator*. Lord Beaverbrook called this instrument the Golden Cockerel which, as described in Pushkin's story, "at the first approach of enemies, even afar off, would lift his comb, flap his wings, turn his beak in the direction of the raiders, and crow, Beware." England's radiolocator, similar in principle to our own *Radar*, which was independently developed also before the war, sent out radio impulses in all directions. An enemy plane which happened to intercept these rays would reflect them back to the sender and reveal its presence. The other weapons which neutralized the German planes were the Spitfire and the Hurricane. The Messerschmitt carried five guns, the Hurricane and the Spitfire each had eight guns mounted in a straight line in their wings. The heavier firing power, the easier maneuverability of the better armored British planes cut the Nazi aircraft to ribbons. British science and technology had beaten the so-called superior "Aryan" science.

Hitler's magnetic mine fared no better. One of them was washed up on a British beach. Examining a new type of mine was a risky business. But men were found heroic and skilful enough to take it apart. Its mechanism was found to be very simple. No unknown principle was involved in its construction. A small swinging needle set off its explosive charge. Dropped on the bed of the Thames estuary or left floating partly submerged in the enemy sea lanes it was a treacherous weapon to deal with. As a ship came within fifty feet of the mine, the ship's magnetic field would set the magnetic needle swinging, and the mine would explode right under the hull of the enemy vessel. British scientists fought the magnetic mine with magnetism. It was really simple. Ships' hulls were wound with metal coils. Electric currents of carefully calculated strength were sent through these metal girdles. The currents set up magnetic fields of force of opposite polarity to that of the ship. The iron boat was rendered non-magnetic or degaussed. The mine's magnetic needle would not be affected by the degaussed ship even though the vessel actually scraped the hidden trap. The heritage of international science made it possible for free men to protect themselves with the same laws of science which the aggressors had misused.



Structures of the sky. U. S. Marine Patrol bombers in flight formation.

When, later, Hitler's unfailing intuition sent the Nazi hordes into Russia, fascist science was confronted with Soviet science. The heroism of Stalingrad's defenders would have been of no avail had not twenty-five years of wisely planned, generously financed, and skilfully executed scientific research, both theoretical and applied, forged the scientific weapons they used. Again when, this time, American science finally came to grips with Axis science on the sands of Africa in 1943, it was the same story. The powerful German tanks were stopped by new weapons of Yankee inventiveness. The 105 mm. gun mounted on the chassis of our General Grant tank proved a powerful antitank gun, and a small supplementary weapon, the *bazooka*, blasted Rommel's hopes in his massive Mark IV tank. The American *bazooka* is of the rocket projector type. Its two-foot rocket is fired by one foot soldier from a gun carried by his teammate. One direct hit is enough to demolish an enemy tank.

Mr. Gray describes the present battle on the scientific front with freshness, simplicity, accuracy, and with the dramatic effect which he has more than once before used so effectively. His report includes new facts about land mine detectors, a new submarine detector called *Asdic* (Anti-submarine Defense Investigating Committee), microwaves, uncanny instruments which direct the fire of our anti-aircraft guns with electronic devices guided by intricate yet almost instantaneous mathematical directions, blood plasma, pentothal, aeromedicine, and even the techniques of psychological warfare—the war of ideas.

Much, of course, remains untold because of military secrecy, and, because of the appearance of "Science at War" during the smoke of battle, it is of necessity an interim report. Many will want to read this valuable book while awaiting a fuller study when it can be told. When such a final report is written, it would be well to include the scientific devices also used by the Chinese, the Russians, and the Japanese which would give the complete picture of world science at war. This reviewer can think of no better reporter for this assignment than Mr. Gray.

"The Psychiatric Novels of Oliver Wendel Holmes" has been selected for a November award of the Trade Book Clinic of the American Institute of Graphic Arts.

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The Battle for Yugoslavia

MY NATIVE LAND. By Louis Adamic. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1943. 507 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by MILAN HERZOG

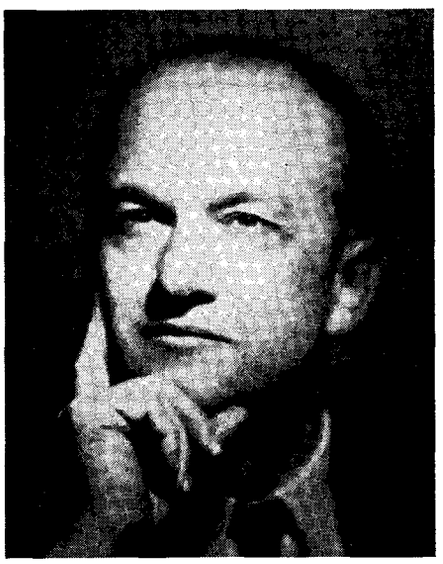
I HAVE just returned from a trip through the Yugoslav settlements in the Middle West. In Cleveland, in the practically all Slovenian and Croat St. Clair Avenue, I saw the first copy of Louis Adamic's latest book, "My Native Land," on a real estate broker's desk.

"Here it is," he exclaimed, caressing the book with his eyes. "It came this morning. I am among the earliest subscribers of every book our Lojza (Louis) turns out."

The office was soon filled with Slovenians and Croats I had come to interview and, naturally, the conversation turned from Frank Lausche, a Slovenian-American, who has just been re-elected mayor of Cleveland, to Louis Adamic, the new spiritual leader of the progressive majority of South Slav Americans, not only in St. Clair Avenue, but in most other centers throughout the country.

Everyone in the group was a fierce pro-partisan sympathizer, ready to give and work for the Cause, presented to them by the greater portion of the Yugoslav press in America, and by the bulletins Louis Adamic was publishing either as author of "Two Way Passage," or as President of the United Committee of South Slav Americans. It was this leader of men, Louis Adamic—no longer merely a writer of social and ethnological books—who created "My Native Land." The book is Adamic's political credo, a resumé of his honest convictions, a textbook for his followers, and a very personal pronouncement for, or against, certain politicians and policies.

"My Native Land" is the story of the creation, development, and heroic fight of the Yugoslav partisans, and by that very fact it is also a fierce attack against General Draja Mikhailovich and the Yugoslav Government-in-Exile. As an ardent supporter of the ideals and the struggle of the Partisans, the author is a vigorous adversary, too sharp in some instances. But, as we said before, this book is no historical study; it is not even a history of the guerrilla warfare in Yugoslavia during 1941-1943. It is a political pronouncement based on partisan radio propaganda and partisan documents available to Adamic and sincerely regarded by him and his followers as the only valid presentations of facts in occupied Yugoslavia. As a political book (the word pamphlet would not be adequate) it sometimes lacks system, accuracy, and clearness, but it abounds in punch. The historic section in the middle of the book shows the same qualities of virility and idealistic flame and also the same lack of full objectivity. As such it will provoke discussion, it will cause debate, and will be useful for the clarification of many important postwar problems that are surging forward with the progress of the war, but have been steadily kept in the background



Louis Adamic

by those who are afraid to discuss them. Louis Adamic, the political thinker and statesman of South Slav problems, writes fearlessly. He was never more outspoken than in this book. For instance:

> They (the Partisans) are thinking of a Yugoslav federation whose territory will be somewhat larger than that of the pre '41 Yugoslavia. . . . This new Yugoslavia will be built from the ground up (instead of at the top, as was the old Yugoslavia), largely under the new wartime leaders and people who will emerge after the liberation. Most of the politicians who left the country in April '41 will be barred from sharing in its recreation. . . . The trend of thought is toward collectivism, much of it to be organized around the village *zadruga* or coöperative.

The author then describes the possiblity of a wider Balkan federation, including Bulgaria. As President of the United Committee of South Slav Americans, he has Bulgarians and Macedonians in his ranks. The outspoken political-thinker Adamic, is ready to brave any of the many storms his book is expected to create, and he goes on to say: "Such a federation would then be ready for inclusion in any bigger combination, including Sovietization. I believe that a majority of people forming the Yugoslav Liberation Front and the Bulgarian underground are eager or ready for Sovietization. . . ." And then Adamic continues to expand his views on the same political subject which aroused his passions: "If Sovietization, with all it implies, does occur, it may be the simplest process. The Yugoslav or the Balkan federation would become a republic within the Soviet Union, and would most likely be headed by Tito or Dimitroff." He is an adversary of reaction, which in his judgment is incarnate in the person of General Mikhailovich and in the majority of the exiled Yugoslav politicians and diplomats who continue to support Mikhailovich even though he is a "hoax." Louis Adamic supports without reserve the Liberation Movement in Yugoslavia, which he considers a pivot to the problem of relationships among the three leading United Nations.

Adamic finished his book before the publication of the Moscow Declaration of November 1, 1943. He stresses the fact that the Atlantic Charter was drawn up before Russia was once again a powerful nation. He was afraid that the United States and Britain would not let the small nations have their free choice after victory. Before "My Native Land" was published, Louis Adamic distributed a leaflet, "War and Post-War," containing an excerpt of a chapter of his new book. The end of it presents Adamic's view on the future of American foreign policy, and it is worth quoting:

> There is a vast democratic element in the United States which favors international coöperation. There always has been. But it has never been organized, formulated into a factor in our foreign policy. Most of the State Department is unaware of it; the President seems to prefer to play along with established organized groups: with the Southern bloc, with the Catholic hierarchy. The only two leaders who have addressed themselves to this democratic element are Henry Wallace and Wendell Willkie. Nobody else of any importance has done anything about it. So it is vague and scattered—unfunctional. It performs mostly by taking up collections for the Red Cross, for British and Chinese and Greek relief; by going abroad as ambulance drivers before we get into wars ourselves; by forming little brigades—like the Lincoln Brigade in Spain.
>
> The future depends greatly on this vast democratic element in America. If that element can get organized before the autumn of '44, it will have a chance to make itself felt in a formulated foreign policy, in the acceptance of America's world responsibility; a chance to fight the battle of democracy at the peace settlement.
>
> Who can give it leadership? Willkie? Wallace? Can Roosevelt extricate himself from his political failure of '42-'43 and lead again?

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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SOME NOTES ON THE BOOK BUSINESS

IT is a queer year for books, perhaps a momentous one. Books—the current books that we read because they are timely as well as good—may soon be as changed in appearance, in price, and in methods of distribution, as dwelling houses and automobiles after the war.

The paper shortage, the shortage of labor in the binding industry, the even greater shortage of materials for shipping, have already resulted in a type of standard book which is a manufacturer's dream. It carries, say, 400 words to the page, instead of 300, has its illustrations (if any) gathered together in the middle to save hand labor, and is pleasantly light to hold. Its faults concern the author and the bookseller. The writer's vanity is shocked by the first sight of a little book when he thought he had written a big one. The bookseller feels that he cannot get the same price for a thin volume as had been asked for a thick one, even though the length is the same. But, apparently, the booksellers are having no trouble in selling the new light books, which means that the author's vanity will soon be healed.

An inevitable result of the cost and difficulty of production, is the series of cheap books, paper-bound, pocket size, costing anywhere from ten cents to a dollar. No sounder and healthier development can be imagined. America has always been the great magazine reading nation, for reasons too complicated to go into here. New books are being made like magazines, and sold like magazines, with a perceptible effect already on Everyman's reading.

Unhappily, this does not affect the format and price of the *new* books. There are first-run royalties to be paid on a new book, and the heavy cost of advertising and promotion. Nevertheless, this would seem to be the time for publishers to consider whether these are not technical processes and trade practices which, if adopted, might improve a situation which seems none too happy to those who wish to see the largest number of good new books reach the most readers. It is true that, at present, not much is saved on a novel, now selling at $2.50, by cheaper paper, and a paper binding. Nevertheless, three quarters of the new books are either trial flights, or (and this is highly important) books of timely interest and significance, which will certainly be of little or no value within a year of publication. This, of course, is notably true of the crop of war narratives now sprouting in every publisher's office. Most (not all of course) of the new books *should* be published, as they are published abroad; in pamphlet form, well-printed (better we hope than the French), on reasonably good paper, but not bound, not "finished" as an American trade book is finished by various processes. There should be some means of binding them cheaply if they prove to be books to be kept in one's library, or circulated widely by borrowing or renting. What inventive mind will first take on and solve this problem? Probably he is working at it now.

It is reported that the most successful books in the new cheap series of reprints are the *Whodunits* and the *How-To-Do-Its.* Some of these, of course, are not reprints, but new titles. The escape and uplift value of such publications is not to be denied. Nevertheless, the surveyor of the literary field has an ominous sinking of the heart when he realizes how easily a shift in price applying to one or two classes of books only, may affect the reading habits of a generation. New fiction this year has shrunk to about one half its 1942 numbers. If war-time emergencies had suspended publication of the weak and flashy, or dull and mediocre novels, which make up so large a bulk of the year's output, we might say, well done. But this is not true. It has been notoriously a bad fiction year. The average of quality is down, not up. A too hasty connoisseur of good fiction may say, "if they can't get bread, let them have cake." Or to put it concretely, a cheap reprint of an excellent novel of the past, is, culturally speaking, an excellent substitute for a new and experimental novel, that is not read because it cannot stand the competition in price.

But this is no answer: We trim the growing fringe of our literature at terrible risk. If new good books do not get published and sufficiently read, growth slows down, imitation is encouraged, the creative imagination (as was the case here in the old bad days of no copyright protection) has no chance to try its wings.

Any art or trade in the process of adjusting to a mechanical or economical revolution is for a while endangered. Clearly we are on the move now toward more and cheaper books, wider and cheaper reading. The responsibility for new processes by which any book that should be and could be made cheaper and so given the circulation it deserves unhampered by price, falls squarely upon the shoulders of the publishers. But the public cannot escape its responsibility, and particularly those who call themselves good readers. It is for them to demand good books, published cheaply, and buy them. It is for them to be willing to put aside the alleged prejudice of the American reader in favor of gaudy books, and to demand the best format that can be made by less expensive processes, provided it is used for a good book.

At bottom, this whole controversy is part of the wide sweeping conflict between two theories of production—whether we shall supply in quantity at a low price, or with restrictions to insure a high price. But there is this difference in the book trade, that whereas three-quarters of the books published are a standard commodity which needs only to be sound and well-written, the other quarter involves such intangibles as the imagination, and such unstandardizable elements as close reasoning and specialized knowledge.

If we who call ourselves good readers want our best books cheap, we shall have to buy them(as we buy magazines) in quantity. And if they are produced in quantity, and therefore can be sold cheap, it will soon be discovered that the market for new good books is far broader than the most optimistic publisher has ever supposed.

H. S. C.

The Little Goats

By Frances Frost

IN the low evening meadow,
in the last golden motes,
hard-headed and stiff-legged
play the little goats.

Like small see-saws they gambol,
their white flanks tightly curled.
Brief tails, absurd and frantic,
greet a young green world.

Two infant rams on stiffened
hind legs rear and butt,
their buds of horns the passion
of lords in Lilliput.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Two-Way Education

SIR: The recent article by Dean Howard Mumford Jones, "Citizen or Mechanic?", calls for comment.

Most educators, myself included, would agree with Jones's basic plea that study of the humanities should play a major role in the education of American citizens. But in making his plea, Dean Jones at the same time indulges some of his educational preconceptions and prejudices which suggest, perhaps, why advocates of the humanities, in his own words, ". . . are lost, bewildered men."

The very title of his article is revealing. "Citizen or Mechanic?"! Are the two mutually exclusive? Can't a man or woman be educated to be both at the same time? We all know—or should know—mechanics and laborers who are excellent citizens in a profoundly humanistic sense; whereas we all know, too, scholars and teachers of the humanities whose humanism is strictly limited to their profession of scholar and teacher, for their studies have neither freed them from bigotry (not necessarily religious) nor liberated their minds.

One of the greatest of the teachers and scholars of the humanities, the late Professor George Lincoln Burr of Cornell, himself also a printer by trade, maintained that everyone should learn a trade not merely as a means of earning a livelihood in case of necessity, but because it gives the individual a more symmetrical development and a direct rather than remote appreciation of other men's work. Indeed, Burr had maintained what psychologists now know to be true: namely, it is essential that children, youth, and adults develop and use their sensory capacities and motor skills not only for the sake of symmetry of development and sympathetic understanding of others, but for *their own* better mental health.

One reason why advocates of the humanities are, at present, "lost, bewildered men" is precisely because, like Dean Jones, they have deprecated the "mechanic." As a corollary of that, they have taught the humanities as mere verbalism, as a "mental discipline," as an abstract exercise. If, as Dean Jones says, they lack any central philosophy, such is the case because, for one thing, most of the advocates of the humanities are out of touch with humanity. They are too remote from the "mechanic." If advocates of the humanities are to find themselves and emerge from their bewilderment, they will have to realize that citizenship is a living process and that their philosophies, if they are to have more than a minor academic significance, cannot be divorced from the laborer, from the mechanic, from the needs of people, beginning with the infant.

In his article, Dean Jones is also guilty of a second fallacy. He gratuitously takes the usual cracks at progressive education and helps to perpetuate a mischievous fallacy. He tells his readers that "war has highlighted the characteristic weaknesses of child-centered education"; that our youth's education lacks intellectual rigor, and the "necessity of drill," and the "habit of discipline"; that they are "defective in mathematics."

All these weaknesses, Jones implies, are attributable to child-centered progressive schools, in spite of the fact that they constitute a very small minority of the nation's schools! As for the alleged defective mathematics and other alleged defects in our youth, which army and navy people, until a year ago, were so vociferous about, there is no valid evidence to show: (1) that our youth were defective, or (2) that the youth from progressive schools are poorer than those who had been "disciplined" in the orthodox manner. Furthermore, it seems that American youth and young adults are learning their military duties quite well!

Finally, in this connection, we might reasonably expect educators to be familiar with the *factual* studies of the merits of the newer educational practices as compared with the conventional. These studies clearly demonstrate that boys and girls educated under the former are, as a group, better prepared, better equipped intellectually than those educated under the latter, quite aside from any differences in learning ability. These are facts.

Dean Jones is rather caustic about, to quote, "something called the child" (This from a humanist!), as well as the child-centered school and the child-centered curriculum. I believe even the academic humanist can't get rid of the child by a stroke of the pen. Emerson was aware of that. And since scholars have a remarkable respect for the views of men and women who are dead, I quote from Emerson: "I believe that our own experience instructs us that the secret of education lies in respecting the pupil. It is not for you to choose what he shall know, what he shall do. Respect the child. Be not too much his teacher."

FRANK S. FREEMAN.
Professor of Education and Psychology.

Ithaca, N. Y.

"I don't care if you did see it in the Bible—don't say that to teacher again!"

Information Wanted

SIR: This is a letter of inquiry directed to you as a measure of last resort. I am trying to obtain the name and author of a book about which I have very little information.

The book is a collection of stories including one about William Tell. These stories are told in verse form in Scandinavian dialect. Below is an excerpt from one of the stories as remembered by a friend of mine.

There been one man named William Tell
Who been quite good shot;
And when he take nice aim
He sure to hit the spot.
I spose he hunting every day
And shooting lots of game.
If he been missing such a chance
It sure been awful shame.
Some fellas yumped on him one day
And take him off to yale;
And say that he shall have to pay
Ten thousand dollars bail.
"Ten thousand bones?" says Bill.
"I aint got fifty cents."
And so they make him braking stones
Behind big iron fence.

YVONNE (MRS. ROY K.) RIETZ.
Box 444, Mitchell, South Dakota.

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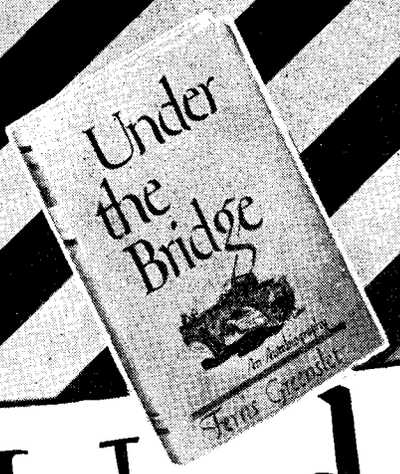
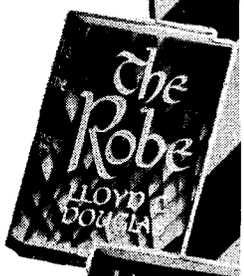
Candidates



Under the Bridge

An Autobiography
BY FERRIS GREENSLET

because as William Allen White says, 'reading it is like being at a gay house party with old friends' and because it is an autobiography that embraces all the intellectual moods of our century — a period which we must now re-appraise in the light of the cataclysm it has brought us and the new chance that is rising out of it. $3.00



BY LLOYD C. DOUGLAS

The Robe

because in a year when America needed to forget itself and needed also reassurance and a renewal of faith, this book is one of the great best sellers of American publishing history and is giving to America just what it needs. $2.75

BY ESTHER FORBES

Johnny Tremain

because it is a book which both parents and children will love. Ideal for reading aloud. Because it is about an inspiring moment in our history and is written by a great novelist whose knowledge of this period won her a Pulitzer award. $2.50

BY SPALDING and CARNEY

Love at First Flight

because it is a shamelessly funny book about a Yale student who got pushed out of his Harkness-feathered nest and allowed to fall until he found a pair of Navy wings, and because although it has had a runaway sale of some fifty thousand copies, we believe that the book is momentarily in stock. $2.00

BY ROI OTTLEY

New World A-Coming

because it is an entertaining book by a Negro about Negroes and tells you what Negroes think about almost everything from jive talk and café-au-lait society to segregation and race rioting. $3.00

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Critics

Walt Whitman

An American

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

because although he was a literary problem-child he was one of the first original American writers and because he saw even beyond America's great future to an international triumph for the American idea. **$3.75**

Cow by the Tail

BY JESSE JAMES BENTON

because it is a most touching and cockeyed love story of a Comanche Pocahontas and her cowboy hero. Because it is straight-from-the-hip stuff about how Americans brought up Texas, and because the author was named for a family friend. **$2.50**

The Best American Short Stories 1943

Edited by MARTHA FOLEY

because there are thirty good stories, each one of which would have given Scheherazade a night out, and because now more than ever we ought to know what the best American fiction writers are writing and thinking. **$2.75**

Rio Grande to Cape Horn

BY CARLETON BEALS

because *Time Magazine* calls him 'the best informed living writer on Latin America,' and because he has distilled a lifetime of study of Latin Americans to give us this picturesque, provocative and utterly honest book. **$3.50**

The Suzy-Q

BY HARDISON with WORMSER

because Suzy-Q Hardison wanted to know about her husband's new job — as commanding officer of a Flying Fort, the Suzy-Q — and because she has put all the answers into a book that will charm and reassure everyone waiting at home for the return of a soldier. **$2.00**

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY · PUBLISHERS

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TRADE Winds

THE BUSY, BUSY BOOK WORLD

ONE of the most engrossing and rewarding of all the war books now on the market is Lieut. John Mason Brown's "To All Hands," a sure-fire best-seller, published by Whittlesey House. John evidently is just as good an officer as he is a drama critic. Theatregoers have missed his pungent reviews in *The Telegram*. Those who recognize a good thing when they see it hope, however, that when he resumes his post, the priceless contributions of the gent who has been spelling him, our old friend Burton Rascoe, will not be dropped entirely but slipped back to a more suitable position between Li'l Abner and the Katzenjammer Kids. . . . Eleven years ago, Louis Golding's novel, "Mr. Emmanuel," was accorded the honor of a public burning by the Nazis. "Mr. Emmanuel" went up in flames again a few days ago, but this time a sizable chunk of Berlin accompanied him. The crew of a British bomber that plastered the Nazi capital were good friends of Louis Golding; they made a point of dropping a copy of his book over Berlin, neatly attached to a two-ton bomb. . . . Michael Foote, brilliant thirty-year-old editor of Lord Beaverbrook's *London Standard*, had to resign after publication of his new book, "The Trial of Mussolini." A scathing denunciation of pre-war appeasement tactics of John Simon, Samuel Hoare, Chamberlain, and others, Foote's volume put Beaverbrook, now a prominent member of the Churchill government, in a most embarrassing position. The book closes with an Ethiopian, a Spanish Republican, and an Italian anti-Fascist taking the stand to ask the death sentence for the Duce—the Ethiopian stating that Mussolini believed he could treat Ethiopians like dogs, because they are black, the Spaniard to read Franco a lesson from the fate of his Italian master, and the Italian pleading: "Tell my country by this man's death that England is her friend again." . . . To my knowledge, "The Trial of Mussolini" has not yet been signed up by an American publisher. . . .

RUDOLPH FLESCH, of Elmhurst, Long Island, has devised a formula for estimating the readability of a newspaper or periodical. The rating is based on a text analysis: average length of sentences, number of references to actual and fictitious persons, foreign words, prefixes, suffixes, etc. The results indicate the probable comprehension score of the average reader. Flesch has interested a number of important publications, including the *SRL*, in his analyses. He divides his scale roughly as follows:

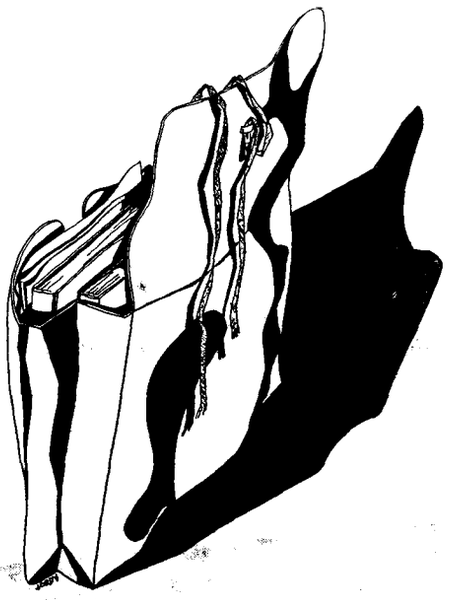
READABILITY INDEX	DESCRIPTION	COMPARABLE MATERIAL
0.0 - 0.9	Very Easy	*Radio Soap Operas*
1.0 - 1.9	Easy	*True Story Magazine*
2.0 - 2.9	Fairly Easy	*Liberty Magazine*
3.0 - 3.9	Average	*Reader's Digest*
4.0 - 4.9	Fairly Difficult	*Harper's Magazine*
5.0 - 5.9	Difficult	*Yale Review*
6.0 - 6.9	Very Difficult	*Scientific Monthly*

Here are Flesch's findings on the *SRL*:

1. Over-all average..... 4.2
2. Review articles..... 3.9
3. Feature articles..... 5.7
4. Editorials..... 5.2
5. Trade Winds..... 3.6
6. Phoenix Nest..... 3.0
7. Letters to the Editor..... 4.0

Conclusions: our feature articles are not quite lucid enough; our Phoenix Nest elementary, dear Benét, elementary. . . .

ANNE MORROW LINDBERGH, whose reputation as a prophet collapsed more rapidly than Electric Bond and Share in the 1929 break, is going to try straight fiction next. Her first novel, "The Steep Ascent," will be published by Harcourt, Brace in the Spring. . . . Clyde F. Murphy is the winner of Dutton's first Lewis and Clark Northwest Contest with his novel, "The Glittering Hill." . . . *The SRL* announces its first Park and Tilford Contest to discover a case of Scotch or reasonable facsimile thereof. Columbia Pictures could have screened "Sahara" right here on Forty-fifth Street. . . . The drought was lifted momentarily by Doubleday, Doran, who feted Colonel Romulo at "Twenty-One" last Friday. . . . Houghton Mifflin announced that Ferris Greenslet's "Under the Bridge" and Esther Forbes's "Johnny Tremain" wound up their publishing activities for the year. Their shipping department, buried under a mountain of weeks-old orders, opened champagne. . . . The Greenslet book, witty and charming, got a resounding press, although a few critics seemed stunned by the discovery that at least one book publisher knew how to write.



SEEN AT A luncheon table in the Hotel Seymour: every editor in the history of *SRL*, all together for the first time: Henry Canby, Benny DeVoto, George Stevens, Norman Cousins. . . . A note from Jim Thurber: "I don't know anything at all about geese that hang high, but what I really crave is the origin of the expression 'Butter wouldn't melt in her mouth.' It's never *his* mouth, always hers." . . . Give, authorities, give. . . . John Marquand assures Trade Winds that it had never occurred to him that his latterday heroines invariably bore the initials "M.M.", and that he was surprised when the fact was called to his attention. He says that he always has a heck of a time thinking up suitable names for his characters. . . . A popular Harper item this fall has been Clare Turlay Newberry's "Portfolio of Cats." Paul Rossiter at the Harvard Coop sold fifty in one day and wired frantically for more. Adam Burger wired back: "Fifty more cats on way to you today. Are your customers mice or men?" . . . Last call for contributions for the forthcoming collection of Woollcott letters. Send them to Beatrice Kaufman and Joe Hennessey at Viking. . . . Little, Brown have elevated Angus Cameron to the post of editor-in-chief, a richly earned promotion. There's a possibility that Alfred McIntyre spotted some of Angus's contributions to Trade Winds. . . .

THE DEAN OF WELLESLEY and her dog both enjoyed their visit to the Hathaway House Bookshop last week. The Dean bought several Christmas books and the dog chewed up the Lending Library copy of a murder story called

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—*Reprinted from SRL, February 3, 1934.*

"Just six years ago today, dear, you answered my note in SRL's Personals."

"Old Bones." . . . Knopf has accepted for publication a juvenile entitled "Anatole, the Mule Who Won the Grand National." . . . While Captain Clark Gable was still in England, an M-G-M representative sounded him out on the possibility of his portraying the role of Captain Ted Lawson in "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo." "Nonsense," laughed Gable. "I'm too old. Why don't they try to get Captain Jimmie Stewart?" "I've got a great idea," said Bob Hope, kibitzing the conversation. "Why not have Jimmie play the part till he cracks hell out of himself in the forced landing in China—and you take over from there?" . . . Gable's deportment has shed reflected glory on the entire motion picture industry. His fellow officers like him as much as his fan clubs do. He is so convinced that the Hollywood big shots won't remember him when the war is over that his friends now call him "Francis X. Gable." . . . Oldie revived by Ernie Pyle: A sergeant who had been a three-striper for over a year passed up numerous chances to enter an officers' candidate school. A pal asked him why. "Remember Sgt. York in the last war?" queried the sarge. "Sure do," was the answer. "Chum," said the sergeant, "name me just one of the second lieutenants in that war!" . . .

PRINTINGS on John Roy Carlson's "Under Cover" have crossed the half million mark. . . . Dick Tregaskis, author of "Guadacanal Diary," has been seriously wounded in the fighting on the Italian front. . . . The new Leland Stowe book, "They Shall Not Sleep," will be published by Knopf in January. Stowe is the correspondent who was turned down by a great newspaper at the outbreak of the war "because he was too old." He then went to Finland and sent back a series of nerve-tingling scoops that were the sensation of the journalistic world. . . . Bill Walling's partner, Ted Mortimer, brands as "slander" my disclosure that Bill once took nine putts on a single green. "It was only eight," protests Mortimer. "The other shot was a chip." Unfortunately, this testimony is worthless. The incident took place on the seventeenth hole. Mortimer stopped focusing on the twelfth. . . . Another shining light of that same tournament was Dick Simon. He had just turned Alec Morrison's golf book into a whopping success via a brilliant mail-order campaign, and fellow publishers were agog to see if he himself had profited by Morrison's counsel. Dick strode up to the first tee, brandished his club ferociously, took a mighty swing, and sent a screaming liner through the club house window. . . . Speaking of golf, did you ever hear the story of the man who came back from the practice tee so visibly unnerved that his friend rushed out of the locker room to ask what was wrong? "What's wrong?" was the bitter retort. "I just killed my wife. That's what's wrong!" "Holy smoke, how did you do that?" "I was out there practising, and didn't see my wife come up behind me. I took a back swing, hit her on the head—and she dropped dead." "Gee, that's bad! What club were you using?" "A niblick," mourned the golfer. "That's the club," said his friend happily.

BENNETT CERF.

GIFTS FOR *Mystery Fans*

Some like them **TOUGH**

Some like **FAST ACTION** Some like **SPIES** and **SABOTAGE**

And some like **CHARACTER** and **ATMOSPHERE**

Use this key to make your selection from these outstanding mysteries!

HANGMAN'S TIE

By *Christopher Hale* author of *Murder in Tow*

Miss Josephine Picard was a perfect set-up for murder! She had her fingers in so many municipal pies that it was rumored her remains would be stuffed and mounted in the city hall foyer. But Miss Jo wasn't murdered—somebody else was—and the old war horse turned out to be a very capable sleuth.

December Crime Club Selection. $2.00

LOOK YOUR LAST

By *John Stephen Strange*

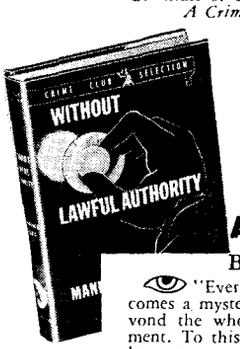
"Not only packed with action, capital detecting and good characters, but has serious passages of timely value." — *N. Y. Herald Tribune. A Crime Club Selection.* $2.

THE SAINT STEPS IN

By *Leslie Charteris*

Simon Templar was listening only half-heartedly to the girl's tale of woe, when suddenly he realized he was up against the most ruthless enemy of his career — the enemy within our gates, working secretly, viciously to bring about the downfall of our nation.

A Crime Club Selection. $2.00



WITHOUT LAWFUL AUTHORITY

By *Manning Coles*

"Every once in a while there comes a mystery which goes clear beyond the whodunit limits of excitement. To this distinguished company let us now add Manning Coles' WITHOUT LAWFUL AUTHORITY." — *The Pittsburgh Press.*

A Crime Club Selection. $2.00

At your bookseller's

THE CRIME CLUB

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RANDOM HOUSE BOOKS

For him, for her, for you, for Christmas

See What I Mean?

By LEWIS BROWNE

The *Under Cover* story of an American Quisling.
60TH THOUSAND. *$2.50*

Bridge to Victory

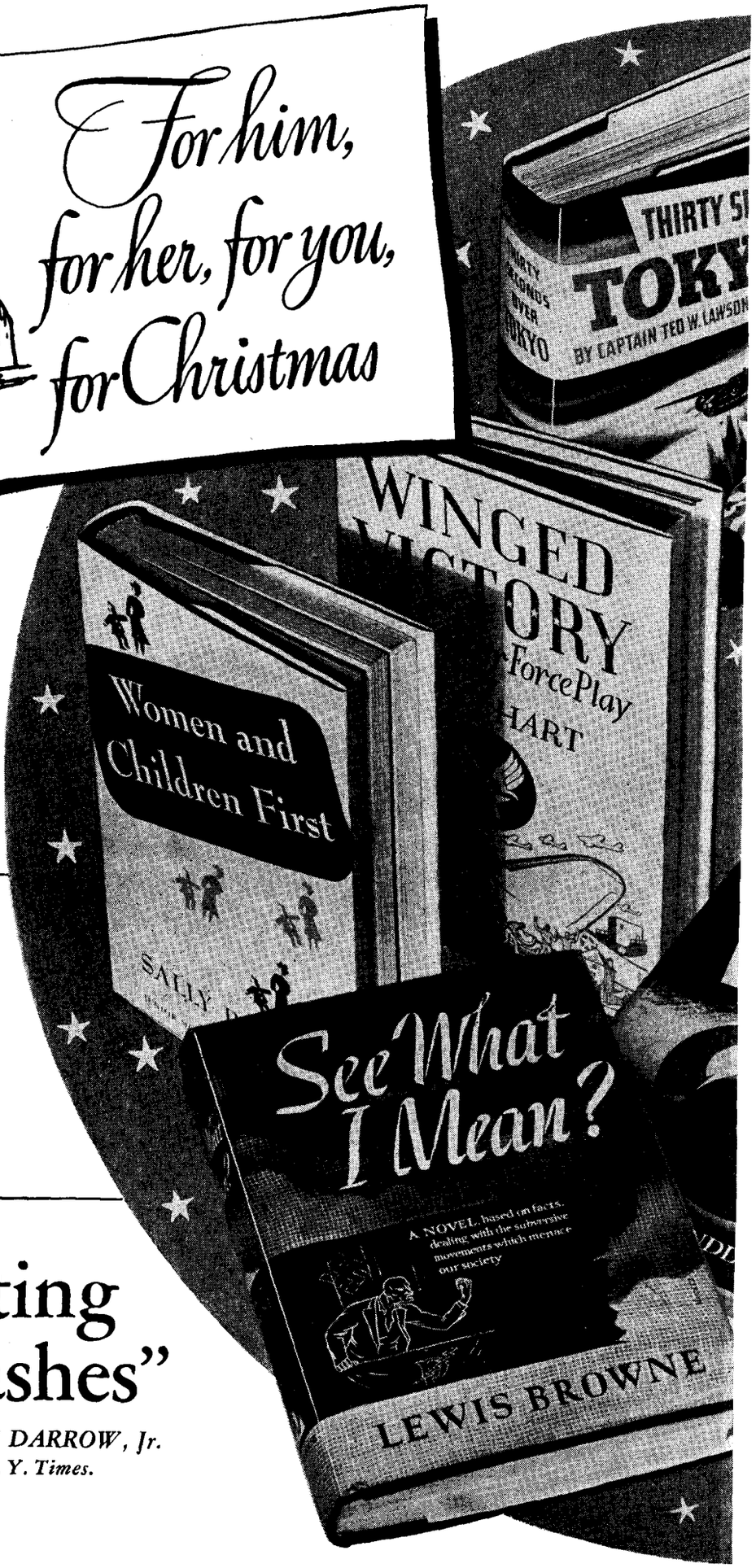
By HOWARD HANDLEMAN

The story of the reconquest of the Aleutians, by a crack INS reporter. *$2.00*

"You're Sitting on my Eyelashes"

An album of cartoons by WHITNEY DARROW, Jr.

"Sure to have you rolling in the aisle."—*N. Y. Times.*
50TH THOUSAND. *$2.50*



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Women and Children First

By SALLY BENSON

38 wise and witty *New Yorker* tales by the author of JUNIOR MISS. *$2.00*

Unidentified Woman

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Some Heroes in America

AMERICAN HEROES AND HERO-WORSHIP. By Gerald W. Johnson. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1943. 284 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by PAUL I. WELLMAN

AMERICANS always have loved the "human interest" story. Long ago the daily press learned that fact, to its profit. What a visiting diplomat eats for breakfast is of equal—in some cases, it is to be feared, superior—interest to the weighty policies he has come to discuss. The Shavian beard is much better known than the Shavian epigrams. Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews's account of Lincoln's Gettysburg address as set forth in "The Perfect Tribute" is regarded as gospel by millions, and also, in spite of decades of enthusiastic refutation by every responsible historian, is Parson Weems's story of George Washington and the cherry tree. Personal traits and idiosyncrasies often are magnified until the true status of the personage they concern is almost obscured.

Americans likewise are mercurial, being affected strongly by changes in sentiment, in living standards, in social doctrines, so that what one generation thinks of an individual by no means presages what the next will think. Finally, Americans love to be hero-worshippers.

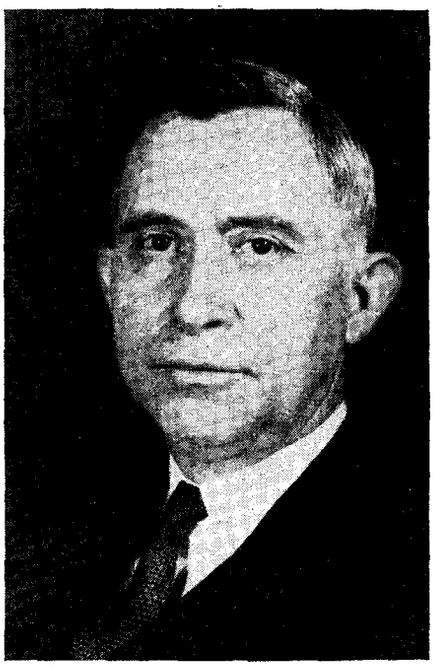
Out of all this comes an attitude toward our great men which is interesting and sometimes baffling. In the main the figures we of America select for our hero-worship are worthy of it; but often the things we praise them for are not the major qualities which invested them with greatness. Therefore paradoxes occur frequently, sometimes amusing, sometimes tragic.

When an essayist like Gerald W. Johnson sets his mind to the presentation of this tangent aspect of our history, the result is bound to be entertaining and instructive. In "American Heroes and Hero-Worship," Mr. Johnson wittily and pungently, with many an epigram and ironic thrust, takes full advantage of his subject.

For example: Pierre-Samuel Du Pont de Nemours, who founded one of America's greatest industrial dynasties, came to this country as a visionary, hating industrialism, and desiring only to work out an impractical utopian colonial scheme he had espoused. The Du Pont industrial ramifications which today touch so many aspects of American life were the outgrowth of necessity when Pierre was disappointed of his objective.

Alexander Hamilton, considered usually as a hard-headed realist, was in reality a romantic dreamer; and his opposite number in politics and history, Thomas Jefferson, was in actuality the realist instead of the visionary and idealist as he has been pictured.

Martin Van Buren and Henry Clay fought out their destinies at the same time. Van Buren was a politician; Henry Clay a statesman. But when the former became an honest man, and briefly acted the statesman's part, he fell; and when the latter, for a period, descended to the politician's



Gerald W. Johnson

artifices, he was robbed of his great goal and ambition.

William Henry Harrison, who rode to the Presidency on the story that he was born in a log cabin, really was a Virginia aristocrat, a scion of wealth and generations of culture. Theodore Roosevelt, considered by the standpat conservatives of his day as the apotheosis of radicalism, was in reality a conservative, and actually achieved no major reforms in spite of the hullabaloo he created. Conversely, William Jennings Bryan, who never achieved the Presidency, brought into being many important reforms which he advocated, and over which he was defeated, but which eventually were incorporated into the body of the nation's laws.

These instances indicate the quality of paradox which Mr. Johnson employs. They do not give the flavor of his sardonic humor and his gimlet penetration. A quotation or two may provide a faint idea:

"As a matter of fact," the author writes,

> the American people have been suspicious of the presidency since the beginning, and on every occasion—roughly, at twenty-year intervals—when a man incontestably of the first rank has succeeded to the office, he has frightened large sections of the people horribly. Editor Dwight's eloquent description of how Jefferson held Connecticut dangling over the mouth of hell is a florid example; and only a few years earlier Jefferson, himself, contemplating President Washington, had expressed an anxious hope that the President's virtues might not prove to be the country's ruin. Twenty years later Washington and Jefferson both were canonized, but J. Q. Adams was confiding to his diary a belief which he shared with many others that the man then in the White House, Andrew Jackson, had brought the country to such a condition that it could not last twenty years longer. Twenty years after that, the uncouth apparition from Illinois convinced the South that the end was indeed at hand. Slightly more than twenty years after Lincoln's death, the President was twisting the British lion's tail, while the country broke out in a cold sweat, and twenty years after Cleveland's first election, Theodore Roosevelt was delivering us all to the radicals. A decade after Roosevelt, and less than twenty-five years ago, Wilson was frightening us with his peace far more than he had frightened us with war. Every one of these men is now recognized as a great president, from which it is evident that a great president always frightens the country. To say, however, that one who frightens the country is always a great president, would be going too far, since it would confer the title on both Monroe and Johnson.

There it is. No mention by name of Franklin D. Roosevelt is made, but the reader can for himself figure the time-lapse. Also the way in which the country has been thrown into panic. And from these circumstances it is pretty evident what Mr. Johnson thinks, regardless of the exceptions he has thoughtfully provided to his rule on great presidents.

There are two figures to which Mr. Johnson devotes exceptional care and attention. These are Tom Watson of Georgia, and Woodrow Wilson. The first is from Mr. Johnson's own state, and he uses Watson not only for a brilliant biographical analysis, but for one of the most mordant essays on Southern politics in general which has ever been written. He uses Watson as a sounding board to pay his respects to the whole catalogue of Southern demagoguery—Tom Heflin, James Kimble Vardaman, Cole Blease, Gene Talmadge, Ben Tillman, and particularly and especially Huey Long.

He postulates that the South grips the future of the country. Nothing

(*Continued on page* 42)

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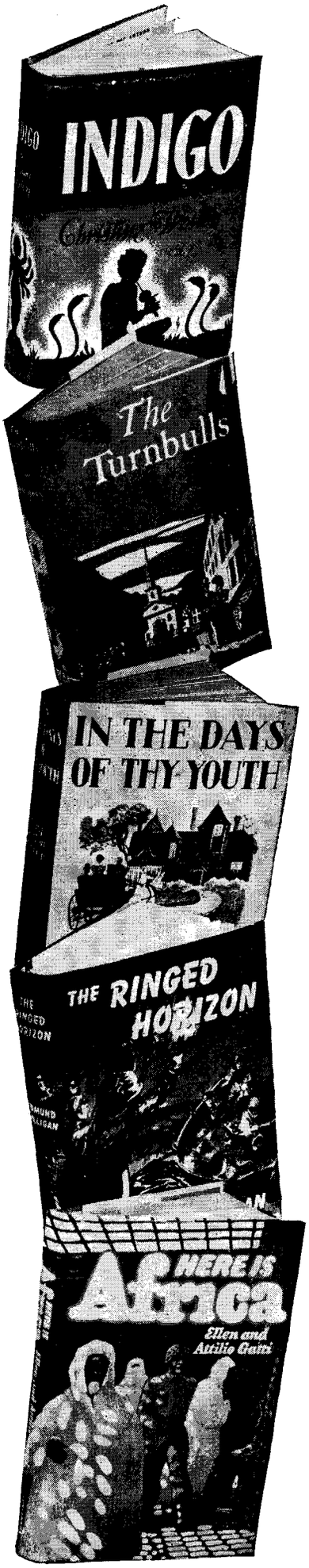

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(*Continued from page* 38)

Southern is without significance to the rest of the country, for the South is the nursery of America. And:

> When the South sends, year after year, decade after decade, generation after generation, a procession of ruffianly politicians to occupy the seats in Washington once graded by the lordly line of statesmen running from Madison to Calhoun, the phenomenon is not exclusively the business of Georgia and Louisiana and the other state below the Potomac. We are all involved in it. To say that it is Southern is only to say that it is quintessentially American.

But Mr. Johnson drops his rapier when he approaches the subject of Woodrow Wilson. This is not to say that he is any less epigrammatic, any less shrewd in his thrusts at politics and politicians. It is merely to say that he feels humbled in the presence of the Covenanter of the League of Nations. He admits Wilson's failure, but denies it was Wilson's mistakes which caused it. Furthermore, he denies that it was partisan politics which brought about the isolationism. The American people, he believes, rejected the only feasible plan to insure its own prosperity, security, and peace, because the American people were too intoxicated with success to listen.

"Without doubt, it is a cosmic jest," writes Mr. Johnson,

> the irony of ironies, this spectacle of a great nation regarding itself as too shrewd to deal with any warlock and proving it by striking hands with the Devil himself. Afraid of a new order created by Wilson, we intrusted its making to Hitler! It is a great jest, a grisly jest, but it is hardly on Wilson.

Furthermore:

> President Roosevelt was criticized for going too far when he said, "Our frontier is on the Rhine," but his real error was one of understatement. Our frontier is farther away than the Rhine. Our frontier is the utmost limit of human freedom. Wherever a man is enslaved by violence—a yellow Manchurian, a swarthy Spaniard, an ebony Ethiopian, as well as a blond Norwegian—our frontier is invaded. . . . Woodrow Wilson knew it and told us the truth; but we laughed him to scorn. That is why his spirit walks again for in our uneasy minds there is a mocking whisper, a taunting suggestion that if we had not laughed we might not have had to march again into the Valley of the Shadow.

Yet he maintains apparently unshaken his belief in the final wisdom of democracy. "The steadying influence is, of course, no god in the machine, no mystical destiny, but Lincoln's final perspicacity of the people. You can't fool all of them all the time."

There will be those who will disagree with Mr. Johnson's conclusions, some of them violently. But there will be none who will deny that this is one of the most stimulating books of this time.

Woollcottian Variorum

LONG, LONG AGO. By Alexander Woollcott. New York: The Viking Press. 1943. 280 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

EVEN if the publishers had not announced the fact on the book's jacket, the inquiring reader would have learned for himself, by consulting the list of acknowledgments, that the pieces gathered together in "Long, Long Ago" were written by their author "for a wide variety of uses." Wide indeed, since that list includes, among other periodicals, *The Atlantic Monthly* and *The American Legion Magazine, The New Yorker* and *Look* and *Good Housekeeping*. The dates of publication range widely, also: from 1930 to 1943.

But toward whatever periodical he inclined his pen, in whatever year, Woollcott was always Woollcott. Sometimes rather more himself, sometimes rather less, but always Woollcott. He had a style, or the truth may be that the style had him. And when one remarks that he was master of certain reliable literary mannerisms, devices, even tricks, one does so with the reservation that he may have been their slave. But, slave or master, he was always dependable, never surprising his readers by the way he told a story, but often surprising and charming them by the story that he told.

He gathered anecdotes to himself as the Hoppers and Manvilles of this world gather wives. But with less effort. Beginning with a nose for odd, amusing, startling, titillating scraps of recorded fact and believed-in fancy, he lived long enough and publicly enough to have friends and acquaintances and utter strangers dump their dearest, strangest stories in his lap. They were his for the telling. And, by and large, he did well by them, while never ceasing to experience, hunt out, and manufacture his own product.

You may like his manner, dislike it, or view it indifferently as you choose: he never moved an inch away from it. His fondness for elegant language probably alienated as many readers as it charmed. His glib, knowing allusiveness sowed seeds of irritation. And, in his refusal to tire of his pet devices, he risked tiring his readers. Whoever it was who so dearly loved a lord, his affection must have been as nothing compared to Woollcott's passion for a

—*Richard Carver Wood*

Alexander Woollcott

name. He built anecdote after anecdote around a name, counting for his effect upon revealing the Name at a carefully calculated moment. In pieces published separately, at intervals, this trick was not too obvious as a trick, but in a collected volume repetition results in diminishing returns.

Woollcott was almost always brief, and seldom dull. (Not that brevity is an absolute specific against dulness. One remembers the poet who submitted a couplet to a friend, who commented: "It's good, but isn't it a bit strung out?") In the present collection the only piece that seems over-long is the account of Miss Cornell's transcontinental tour of 1933-34. Almost all the others exhibit a sure sense of form and timing. Not that they are Woollcott's best. Neither singly nor collectively will they stand comparison with those of "While Rome Burns." But they stand very amiably by themselves, ready to furnish an hour or so of pleasant, unexacting reading.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: NO. 24

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. The solution to Crypt No. 24 will be found in the next issue.

KDPB GCMUFNM HSFGBDALD CX XCXMDZ FQ QFBBW.—EFUS APOCDX.

—XTFNZLD FQ QFBBW.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 23

THAT FILTHY, AWKWARD, TWO-LEGGED CREATURE, MAN.

—WILLIAM CONGREVE.

—OLD BACHELOR.

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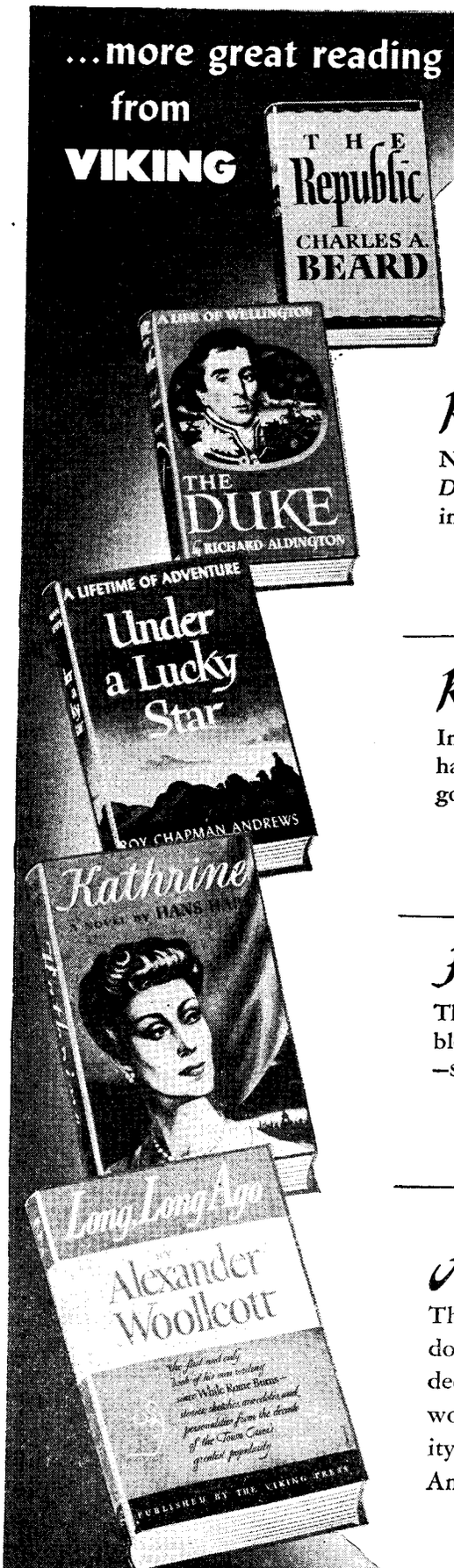

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LONG, LONG AGO

The Viking Press · New York

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Afloat on a Book

Literary Life Preservers for the Seamen

ARTHUR B. TOURTELLOT

ONE of the nation's most widely circulated books of 1943, perhaps one of the year's most important, will never appear on the nation's book counters. It will not be discussed in literary circles, nor will critics chew over it in the reviewing columns. Its first printing is fifty thousand copies, and for the thousands who own a copy it will be second only to food and water as an essential to life. It is a war book, telling the gruelling experiences and bitterly learned lessons of men who have come close to death, not once but many times. As a book, it is a weapon in the most literal sense, a defensive weapon that may well prove the means of saving many hundreds of lives before the war is over.

This extraordinary book is the result of interviews with scores of American, British, Belgian, Dutch, Norwegian, and other United Nations seamen who have survived sinkings by Axis submarines. The compiler, publisher, and distributor are one and the same: the United States Coast Guard's Section of Marine Inspection. The stories it has collected have not been pleasant; but all of them, built around the hard core of a tough fight for life, have had in them lessons that it would be tragic not to convey to other men who may find themselves adrift for weeks in an open boat or on a life raft with limited rations.

From the seamen's stories, the Coast Guard has found out what additions or changes should be made to the prescribed equipment stowed by law on all lifeboats and rafts. In plain, often biting language, the seamen tell more than this: some of them tell how they stayed alive for as long as two months when their supplies of water, biscuit, and pemmican were exhausted, their nerves frayed, and their bodies burnt or frozen. And they tell, in detail, to what heights of ingenuity the human mind will rise when the final test of death or survival comes.

Copies of the book will be distributed to every operator, every officer, and every member of the crews of American merchant ships, and there is a possibility that room will be made in the limited stowage space aboard lifeboats for emergency copies. The method of its compiling was simple. During the course of official investigations of sinkings, careful transcripts of all interviews of survivors were made, which later were combed thoroughly for significant material. Seamen ordinarily do not complain. But they will talk about their experiences, especially if there is a hope that they may, as a result of their talk, save others from their ordeal. Their narratives and comments, related in the rough, terse expressions that spring from living with the sea, are kept in the Coast Guard's confidential files, but the lessons they learned and their inventiveness are put to profitable use in this book.

One group of survivors, who saw that there was little chance of their being picked up by rescue craft unless they had some means of signalling for as far as ten miles, flattened out a tin can and fastened it to the blade of an oar. As they rowed, they hoped that the light reflected by the tin might catch the attention of some air or surface craft which might not otherwise notice them. The device, based purely on one chance in a thousand, succeeded, and the men were picked up by a craft which sighted the flashing light across some miles of ocean. As a direct result, signalling mirrors have now been devised. Packed in grease to prevent corrosion and wrapped in a waterproof container, these mirrors are now required equipment on every lifeboat. Somewhat resembling the laryngeal mirror used by physicians, the signalling mirror is rectangular in shape with a hole in the center through which the survivor adrift may sight his objective. By tilting the mirror, he can beam the reflected sunlight directly to that objective even though it be as far as ten miles away. In its book, by the use of explicit instructions and diagrams, the Coast Guard tells the survivor how to put the mirror to the best use. It sounds very simple, almost like a child's toy, but in the vast expanses of an ocean, on which any lifeboat is a tiny, fragile speck, totally alone, this mirror may save many lives.

Previous to the Coast Guard's present publication, there was no book in the history of maritime commerce that was required reading for seamen on active duty, no *vade mecum* that the mariner took with him wherever he went, no guide to help him in an emergency. And although other maritime nations had sensed the need for such a volume, no accomplishment in the shape of a complete edition had ever been achieved. Great Britain, for example, has experimented with the general idea for some time, but without carrying the project beyond the dimensions of a pamphlet. With regard to our own merchant seamen, the void that the lack of such a book left seems, in retrospect, more than obvious. The danger on the open sea is not so much hunger or thirst or exposure as ignorance of how to sustain life with what only the sea itself will yield.

Survivors opening their copies during their first hour afloat will find encouragement as well as precious information. They will find that nine Norwegian seamen could sustain themselves for forty-eight days while drift-

—U. S. Coast Guard

Keeping alive on an open sea requires not only a well-equipped and stocked lifeboat but the "know-how" of survival.

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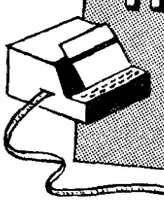

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THE LITTLE PRINCE

Reynal and Hitchcock, New York

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ing over almost a thousand miles of the Atlantic. The story of their survival after their supplies had been gone for a month is told by Kaare Karstaad, the ship's electrician. His story is not an epic: descriptive and didactic, it is a seaman's attempt to give thousands of others a pattern for survival which he had evolved when in desperate straits himself. Karstaad's passage on the turtle is, indeed, literature at its rawest, but from the rough, unpolished lines there emerges a stronger, truer picture of men adrift than the ablest novelist could convey:

> Turtles swim around on moonlit nights, and occupants of a raft should keep quiet and not move around, because the turtle is curious and will come to see what it is. When it gets near the raft, you can grab it by its legs . . . and turn it over on its back. Then it will be powerless.
>
> We lashed them down on their back till daylight. When daylight came, we killed the turtle by knocking it on the head and utilized blood by using a long chisel, sticking it into the turtle's breast between the forelegs. The heart is at about the middle of the backbone. The thrust will make the blood come out like a fountain. Catch blood in a glass and drink it right away. For those who are not so fond of drinking blood, it should be noted that it makes no difference whether you take one mouthful or a whole glass. The same taste is left in the mouth. The blood is cold and refreshing but has a typical blood taste.

Survivors are taught how to wring fluids from the flesh of fish and how to catch rain water. They are told to punctuate the day by eating a little and drinking a little many times, instead of following the instinct of the hungry or thirsty man and gulping down their slender rations all at once. To men totally alone in an endless expanse of sea, without room to move and without diversion of any kind, nothing brings greater relief than breaking the day's monotony by issuing rations, however pitifully slim those rations might seem to the landlubber. And they are told how to occupy themselves, for one of the maxims of the sea is that survivors adrift who are busy never get panicky or hysterical. As Kaare Karstaad says, "We kept busy mending the rig or fishing or *doing something.*"

After months of work, years of investigations and interviews, the Coast Guard has given all seamen a chance of surviving greater than that of Kaare Karstaad. It is not an insignificant commentary on the basic strength of the printed word, that in this most primitive and elementary struggle of modern man—his desperate fight for life in a waste of ocean—the most valuable new weapon has been found to be a book.

On the Way to Global Sanity

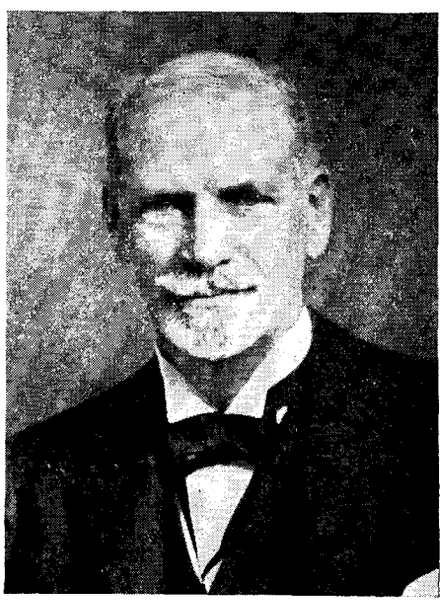
A PROFESSOR AT LARGE. By Stephen Duggan. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1943. 468 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM S. LYNCH

DR. STEPHEN DUGGAN is by his own admission an old-fashioned liberal. He comes by that designation quite honestly; for a lifetime devoted to furthering international understanding through education has left him alert to the social and cultural needs of nations and firm in his faith that the peoples of the world will eventually find the solution of global anarchy.

He was "born interested" in world affairs. But it is only since his graduation from City College in 1890 that he has made his career education and international matters. These two subjects in their relationship to each other became his chief concern when in 1919 he accepted the directorship of the Institute of International Education. Now in the midst of a war that marks almost a quarter century at this post he surveys the events that transpired during it. To the recounting of them he is able to bring the first-hand observation of frequent travel in the countries of Europe, Asia, and South America, and of intimate acquaintance with the great and near-great—of meetings with Aguinaldo, Mussolini, Beveridge, Schacht, Lady Astor, and those others whose names suggest the index of a weekly news magazine.

He writes "from the standpoint of democratic liberalism" and claims as his underlying objective "to interpret the transition from the period of United States dependence on foreign cultural influences to the more recent period when American culture has penetrated throughout the world." One by one he considers the parts of the world he knows so well, Britain, Russia, Italy, Switzerland—most of the major countries of Europe as well as China, the Philippines, and the South American republics. The recent history and the national traits of each one are re-examined with particular reference to education and the American point of view. In effect then, one gets a lucid, if simplified, summary of much of modern world history. While personalized and anecdotal, there is a good deal more objectivity and profound analysis than is usual in the accounts of first-hand reporters.



Stephen Duggan

Dr. Duggan is a kind of elder statesman of international education. His long experience in this field and the great respect he has won throughout the world have given him a most unusual point of vantage from which to collect impressions; his scholarly training and academic associations provide the perspective and sense of historical continuity with which to examine them; and his gentle tolerance and gracious urbanity assure his freedom from prejudice in revealing them. These aspects of the author's personality are clearly visible throughout his book whether he is telling a humorous tale of an individual or relating the tragic folly of a nation. They heighten the reader's interest in Dr. Duggan's analysis of the difficulties in the way of hemisphere solidarity and in his conjectures of the postwar regional federalism that will supersede the overemphasized nationalism of Versailles. To topics such as these he brings an informed realism, never too sanguine, yet never marked by the hateful cynicism of the jaded or the ready pessimism of the sensationalist.

He has a quiet pride in the work of his Institute, and quite justly so. His account of its history and of the many other organizations for intercultural relations with which he has been associated will impress the layman with the progress made in this field since the last war. It will encourage him to believe that despite their apparent failure to prevent the destruction of world coöperation, progress was made, and there has been provided a strong foundation for the efforts of the next generation.

"One part of your mind should prepare for a long and tough struggle but with the other part you can legitimately watch for anything to happen."—*Viscount Halifax, British Ambassador to United States.*

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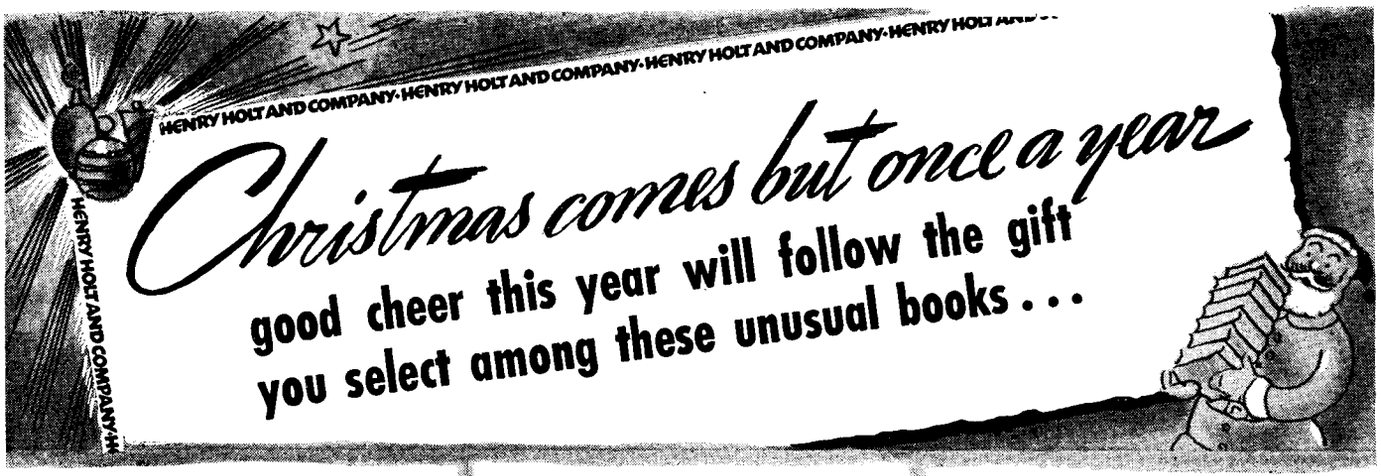
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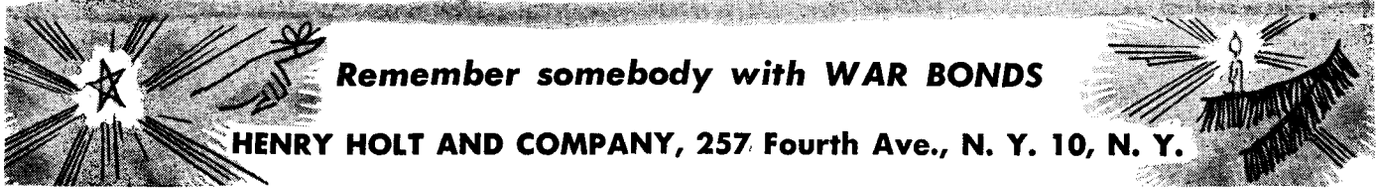

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The Barefoot Boy of Little Steel

BOOTSTRAPS. By Tom M. Girdler. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1943. 471 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by BENJAMIN APPEL

"I know I have been villified not not because I was Tom Girdler, but because I was a symbol of management, conspicuous because I dared to resist something I still believe should be resisted for the sake of our country."

This is what Tom M. Girdler writes in the very beginning of his autobiography "Boot Straps." It is this declaration and self-belief that gives profound meaning to this story of an Indiana boy whose own lifetime matched the giant strides of the steel industry. I can almost picture Girdler telling his collaborator, Boyden Sparks: "Now see here. You're a professional writer but don't bother me about narrative flow or anything like that. The biggest thing in my life and in America is this management-labor mess."

Because many powerful figures subscribe to Girdler's views of recent American history, this autobiography represents a kind of unofficial blueprint for the post-war world. "Boot Straps" is a documented preview of what might be termed the Girdler Blueprint; erase the name Girdler, and substitute the name Ford, or Dupont, etc. and it is quite clear why this book is of importance to Americans. Whether the book is read or not doesn't matter. What matters is that the Girdlers of America are represented on every page; their spokesman speaks for many who will have a great deal to do with the future.

Who is Tom M. Girdler? Where did he come from and how did he arrive at his views? Now, at sixty-five he sees himself as an end-result of an older America.

> My resolute, God-fearing grandfather (a sea captain) was helping to build the United States of America. I feel myself to be an extension of him and other Girdlers behind him. Work has been the significant thing in our lives, something we have understood. Giving devotion to our work, we have received from it wonderful excitement and satisfaction.

Tom M. Girdler was born in Clark County, Indiana, the descendant of Protestant-English settlers, ship captains, fighters in the American Revolution. He himself spent his boyhood in a frugal, pioneer-like community where people said crick for creek and where the horse was fast communication. He worked in hayfields, milked cows, cut ice. But he wasn't entirely a farm boy. In fact, the farm he grew up on was subsidiary to the cement mills managed by his father; the farm raised the fodder needed for the horses and mules used in the mill operations. This mill-farm, belonging to a Currier and Ives America, was also the forerunner of the industrial enterprises of the 1930's and '40's.

It was in these early years that the Tom M. Girdler of the Little Steel Strike in 1937 was formed. Young Tom was much impressed by his Uncle Dexter as he was all through life by strong, tough entrepreneurs.

> As long as he lived he was the supreme boss of the business . . . Other men were swarming westward in those years. When they spoke of prospecting they meant that they would search for gold. Uncle Dexter began his prospecting right there at the Ohio River. It was out of the work of such men as Uncle Dexter that this country became great.

The mill-farm was almost self-sustaining. The Girdler family raised the bulk of their food requirements. Tom, as the eldest, had most of the chores. "Mother gave me twenty-five cents for cleaning the chicken house every other Saturday. I found subcontractors in my two younger brothers and gave them a nickel a piece to do the job." He was sharp, this young Tom, whose boyhood in so many ways seems as far away now as the boyhood of the Tom Mark Twain wrote about. Both Toms came out of the America that was still close to the Civil War. The democratic tradition was still strong; the voices of the abolitionists had not been drowned out by the voices of the polltaxers. Tom Girdler went to school with the children of the mill and quarry workers; nearly all their fathers had fought in the Civil War. He was a typically practical American boy whose hands itched for tools and machines. When the Girdler family moved to a town of 10,000, Tom attended the Manual Training High School. Later, a rich aunt sent him to Lehigh University in Bethlehem, Pa., a college that has sent generation after generation of scientifically trained men into American industry. Girdler took his degree in mechanical enginnering; he was second in his class.

Tom M. Girdler

And America was changing. Her industrial processes were becoming modernized. Scientific methods were supplanting the rule-of-thumb manufacturing of the post-Civil War ear. Girdler's first job took him to London for the Buffalo Forge Company. He earned $12.50 a week and how typically proud our boot-strap millionaires are of their first meagre pay envelopes! Then, he returned to work for the Oliver Iron and Steel Company in Pittsburgh at one thousand dollars a year. He got into the steel industry through accident. The uncle of a rich college friend owned the company. "But at Oliver Iron and Steel, outstanding though it was, not even the chief engineer had a technical education, and he had been running machines with steam before I was born." Girdler, the mechanical engineer, now began his life-long fight against conservative steelmaking processes. His next job took him to Pueblo, Colorado, where he saw a sprawling economic enterprise with tremendous coal lands and limestone deposits; the iron ore was hauled by rail from Wyoming and New Mexico. "Indians, cowboys and thickly bearded prospectors" were seen on the streets. It was the old West but with a difference—there was the smoky blaze of steelmaking. There was industrial death. Girdler wasn't a desk man. He was a foreman and he shared the danger his men faced. "Two or three (steel workers) would be killed in the darkness by the switch engines . . . gigantic caldrons of molten metal occasionally spilled death on some one . . . who could ignore the meaning in this fact: an undertaker invariably would outbid any saloonkeeper to rent the store nearest the gates of a big steel mill."

But these insights, or rather the opportunity for such insights, steadily narrowed as Foreman Girdler advanced from position to position. From Colorado he went to the Atlanta Steel Company at three hundred dollars a month; in seven years he was running the company. He wasn't satisfied. He felt isolated from the big steel centers, the Pittsburgh area, the Mahon-

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DUELL, SLOAN AND PEARCE

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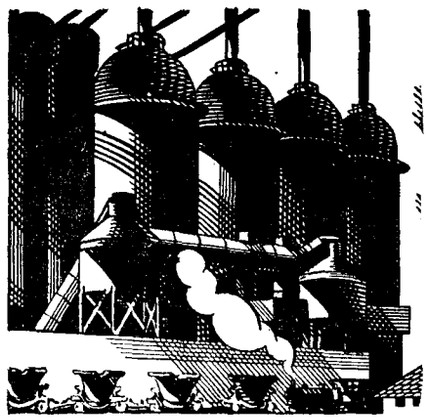
ing Valley, Chicago, Cleveland. "I was eager to test myself on large problems." He went to work for the Jones and Laughlin Steel Company in Pittsburgh as assistant to the general superintendent of the Aliquippa Works. His first talk with W. L. Jones was a prophetic one. In this talk Girdler's one hundred per cent Americanism, his lack of understading of American democracy, his feudal philosophy were already pointing to the formidable industrialist of 1937.

> We agreed that industrial operations were not responsible for slums, did not make them . . . As to saloons, brothels, crime, and wayward children, surely these were expressions of something which had come with these later-day immigrants, something that was in part attributable to their bewilderment, in a strange land hearing always a strange language.

W. L. Jones gave his new assistant superintendent the opportunity of creating a model steel town. This is how it was done.

> Thus I began an existence in which I became an unofficial caliph, an American Haroun-al-Raschid obliged by my office in a big corporation to consider a whole community as my personal responsibility . . . paternalistic as it undoubtedy was . . . I am proud to have had a part in the making of Aliquippa . . . Elsewhere prominent citizens would get out and work to achieve an improvement, but in the vicinity of Aliquippa it was we'll ask the company . . . In fact, I suppose I was a sort of political boss. Certainly I had considerable power in politics without responsibility to "the people." But who were the people in question? An overwhelming majority of them were the men for whom the company aspired to make Woodlawn (Aliquippa) the best steel town in the world . . . There was in Aliquippa, if you please, a benevolent dictatorship.

Yet Girdler believed that the citizens ran the town of Aliquippa just as Henry Ford believed that the citizens ran Dearborn. But all the facts demonstrate that company towns are run by the highest representatives of the company; it was only when the great drive towards unionism in the 1930's reached its peak that the company rulers were successfully ousted in town after town. In Girdler's case, it was natural to be "an unofficial Caliph"; it was natural to practise the lessons he had learned in the cement mill community of his boyhood, to wield power and judgment as his father and his Uncle Dexter had done before him. As his power widened, the gulf between himself and democracy widened: the concept of government for, by, and of the people had actually never existed for him anyway. But he was still the son of a Civil War soldier and his four children went to school with the



children of steel workers just as he himself had gone to school with the children of cement workers. This was his one tie with the tradition of Lincoln.

The 1929 crash broke when Girdler was in the middle of the biggest job of his career, that of organizing the many mills, mines, and factories of Republic Steel into one strong unit. This was when his "payrolls became unending nightmares." He weathered the financial crisis but now "the great force that seemed bent on our destruction thereafter was the government of the United States." He had, by this time, become the figure he is today, impatient, contemptuous, resentful of any force, Government, Labor, the Public, that interfered with the rights of management; he believed the rights of management were paramount because management was responsible for the great industries without which a modern nation would perish. By now all the elements in his character had coalesced into a self-righteous antidemocracy as hard as the hardest steel produced in any Republic mill. The religious feelings of his boyhood (when he was only seventeen he was a licensed lay reader of the Episcopal Church) had been channeled into the rigid authority of the high priest answerable to no one on earth: "I don't exaggerate my feelings in the least when I say that if there were a better understanding among the people of the importance of our craft every blast furnace in the land would be a patriotic shrine. Heat is the wand of God, out of which His universe is made to grow and change." This is probably the "poetry" of Girdler's collaborator but there can be no doubt that the mechanical engineer, whose life paralleled the marvellous development of the steel techniques, truly feels and understands the basic dependence of modern society on this metal. The lay reader of the Episcopal Church, the young foreman who himself risked death, the mechanical engineer had all been fused into the manager.

He had begun life as human as the next man. When he had been living abroad in a run-down rooming house he had seen that there "was poverty in London, in all the British cities of any size . . . Was all this due to some monstrous failing of the social system? I don't know. I dare say, and say dogmatically, that here in the United States conditions, bad enough, are less bad than in England." He had come up the hard way. "Through what it did to me I learned that the twelve-hour day of the steel industry was industrial barbarism." But all his experiences had merely become background. He admits. "Yet I am obliged to confess that when I had greater responsibility and authority I was nearly as slow as other managers to see my way clear to changing the system (the twelve-hour day). Undeniably it was very bad." As a manager he was for the twelve-hour day, for "industrial barbarism," and opposed to any force that worked for industrial democracy. The Memorial Day Massacre was already in the making, the opposing sides already foreordained to clash.

In this extraordinarily candid autobiography, it is easy enough to trace Girdler's opinions about labor. Like every other element in his character, it is only necessary to return to the cement mill. "The whole relationship between my father and the millmen was marked by dignity, even though he was pretty much a tyrant . . . He had labor troubles, of course; not unlike the problems of today except that father didn't have unions to contend with nor did the men." *Nor did the men.* There is the significant admission. "There was something feudal in the relationship, something perhaps not to be defended on the Fourth of July. Nevertheless I was brought up by a father who believed that the troubles of the men who worked for him were his troubles." This is Tom M. Girdler's central belief. And this despite his own observations that "as payrolls grow and grow until they list employees by tens and even hundreds of thousands, these people lose touch with the head of the business. It is too bad. Often in recent years I have found myself thinking how simple and how fine the relationship was in those days when I knew them all, knew all their problems; and best of all, they knew me."

It is this reviewer's opinion that the rights of "hundreds of thousands" cannot be properly safeguarded by any individual manager or group of managers. Can any such relationship be anything but "feudal" as Girdler himself admits? Can the Poles, Czechs, Italians, and all the other new Americans depend on a manager who feels that the evils of industrial civilization

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BY MAXEDA FERGUSON VON HESSE

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were brought to America in the steerages of the immigrant steamships? Can the old-stock Americans depend on a man who sees values in company townism and in labor-management relations in general, "something perhaps not to be defended on the Fourth of July." Recent American history, the war we are engaged in have given the answer. The answer was No. The rollers, melters, helpers, and cindersnappers who work in the blast furnaces and steel mills joined the union; Americans in other industries joined unions.

Girdler witnessed the union trend. "I am not against unions. I have never been against unions. Yet during my whole life I have been on the management side." The great battle between Little Steel and the C.I.O. was already blueprinted. Girdler tried to keep the C.I.O. out of his plants; he tried "to promote and popularize the employees representation plan." But company unionism like the company town before it, didn't work out. The strike was on. "From the very beginning the strike had all the aspects of a military invasion." To Girdler, the C.I.O. organizers "were Communists. Not all; but many." He red-baited with energy and thoroughness. "This was not a strike; but it simulated a strike." To Girdler, the strike was a revolutionary plot directed by insidious reds and involving "young fellows who bore Italian names." Girdler was prepared. "Every plant had been supplied with tear gas. Why? Because this was a relatively harmless weapon with which to repel any mob trying to storm our gates."

Ten people in the "mob" were killed on Memorial Day outside the Republic plant in Chicago; many more were injured. The whole nation was electrified by the news. All sorts of groups and individuals protested the massacre. The C.I.O., the labor movement, New Dealers, liberals and progressives, the parties on the left, the Communists, all these were joined by conservatives, church leaders, men of all parties and no parties. Girdler must have flinched at the tide he had stirred up but defiantly he writes, "the facts of the riot were fantastically distorted by shameless, audacious and provocative lying." Yet facts are stubborn; the truth is stubborn, and Girdler admits, "probably the policemen who were in the Chicago riot would acknowledge that some among them had lost their tempers, even had gone berserk for terrible minutes in the battle-madness."

Between 1937 and 1942 the C.I.O. had signed up the majority of Republic Steel's workers. Girdler signed written contracts with the C.I.O. "In consequence, union officials with whom our people deal have stated publicly that relations with Republic Steel Corporation are favorable. But this does not mean that my opinions have changed."

And this is why "Boot Straps" means so much to Americans in this war year of 1943. The opinions of others like Tom M. Girdler have also remained unchanged. What does this portend for the post-war America that even now in the middle of the Italian campaigns can be seen on the horizon? "Furthermore," Girdler writes, "I am opposed to usurpation by the union of the rights of management. Today as a manager my right to work is seriously hampered . . . a terribly *disorganizing* (Girdler's emphasis) influence is at work at the base of all industry in America. The boss is no longer boss."

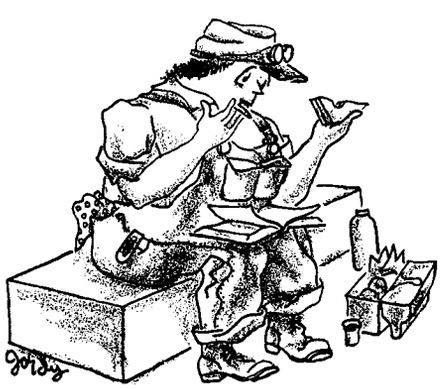
But what of the people? Shall the people no longer be the people? And what are Americans fighting for, producing for, what are the vast majority of Americans hoping for? I believe that this vast majority want democracy, economic democracy, industrial democracy, every kind of democracy, that there is. "Boot Straps," I repeat again, is one of the most important works of this season, not so much as a literary job although it is good interesting reading, but as a challenging blueprint, a candid document to be read and thought about as that other blueprint and document "Mein Kampf" was read and thought about. I am not saying that Girdler is a Fascist. I am saying that he is not a democrat. There are many like him in America. It would be silly not to realize that the Tom M. Girdlers are powerful men with powerful opinions as to the shape of things to come. These opinions may affect all our lives. We ought to know what they are.

The Life of the Officer's Wife

THE COLONEL'S LADY. By Helen Montgomery. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1943. 242 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by KATHERINE S. ROSIN

IN these days when half the female population are Army wives desperately following their husbands from one overcrowded post to another, or waiting at home for V-mail, we are apt to forget that not many years ago an Army wife was a member of a small, select, specialized class living in an isolated world of barracks and quarters, entertaining other Army wives at tea-socials, calling on the C.O.'s wife, and having the constant if eccentric service of a "striker" (private detailed for officer's housework). Helen Montgomery married a second lieutenant in the '20's when promotion was an unattainable dream and life was as secure as that of a housewife in Yonkers, if slightly more genteely poverty-stricken and slightly less deep-rooted. She learned the inside-out of many Army posts in the United States and spent two years in China, where her two children were born. All this she tells in lively, anecdotal, humorous fashion in "The Colonel's Lady." The high point of the saga is the sojourn in China, where she quickly learned to speak bourgeois Chinese—not good enough for conversing in verse and hyperbole with high-born Chinese ladies, but sufficient for the endless cups of tea with subtly bargaining Oriental merchants and for delving into the devious recesses of the mind of the Oriental servant. She became "professor" to two young sons of a Chinese war-lord, hired a Chinese *amah* for her children and a Number One boy for her household, both of whom held despotic sway.



Army society in those days was a cozy little heirarchy. Though you were always moving and losing your old friends and your favorite strikers, there was a constant in Army life which was peculiarly satisfying—the constant of unbreakable tradition and precedent. You always had the same type of small brick officer's quarters, you always had to call on the C.O.'s wife before she would call on you, you always had to go to Saturday night dances and entertain other Army wives at large though unpretentious luncheons. Though the author's husband is now an eagle colonel somewhere in Italy, and though the present has its glory and its fear, you sense the nostalgia for the old days of peace and petty annoyances. "The Colonel's Lady" is a cheerful, pleasant, at times extremely humorous insight into a kind of life about which most Americans knew practically nothing, and which has probably disappeared forever.

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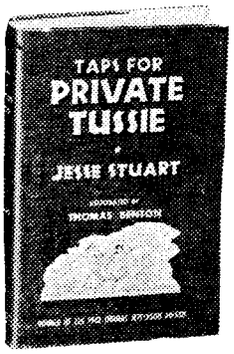

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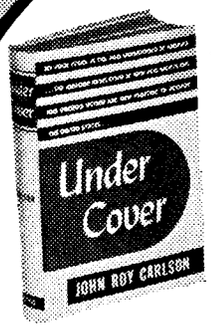

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WHAT SRL REVIEWERS ARE GIVING FOR CHRISTMAS

(*Continued from page 20*)

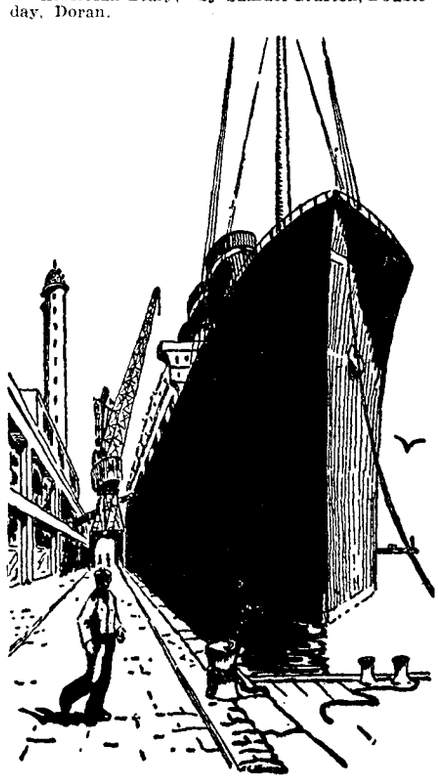
RECAPITULATION

Listed by Two or More Reviewers

"So Little Time," by John Marquand, Little, Brown & Co.
"Battle Hymn of China," by Agnes Smedley, Alfred A. Knopf.
"The Battle Is the Pay-off," by Ralph M. Ingersoll, Harcourt, Brace.
"The Triumph of Life," by Horace Gregory, The Viking Press.
"The Memoirs of a Superfluous Man," by Albert J. Nock, Harper & Brothers.
"Mother America," by Carlos Romulo, Doubleday, Doran & Co.
"Walt Whitman," by Henry Seidel Canby, Houghton Mifflin.
"Liberal Education," by Mark Van Doren, Henry Holt.
"Barnaby," by Crockett Johnson, Henry Holt.
"A Treasury of Science," edited by Harlow Shapley, Harper & Brothers.
"Under Cover," by John Roy Carlson, E. P. Dutton.
"You're Sitting on my Eyelashes," by Whitney Darrow, Jr., Random House.
"Who's in Charge Here?", by George Price, Farrar & Rinehart.
"Makers of Modern Strategy," by E. M. Earle, Princeton University Press.
"Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo," by Captain Ted W. Lawson, Random House.
"A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," by Betty Smith, Harper & Brothers.
"McSorley's Wonderful Saloon," by Joseph Mitchell, Duell, Sloan & Pearce.
"Into the Valley," by John R. Hersey, Alfred A. Knopf.
"The Apostle," by Sholem Asch, G. P. Putnam & Sons.
"A New World A-Coming," by Roi Ottley, Houghton Mifflin.
"George Washington Carver," by Rackham Holt, Doubleday, Doran.
"The Screwtape Letters," by C. Lewis, The Macmillan Co.
"Big Rock Candy Mountain," by W. Stegner, Duell, Sloan & Pearce.
"The Life of G. K. Chesterton," by Maisie Ward, Sheed & Ward.
"Between Tears and Laughter," by Lin Yutang, Longmans, Green.
"War and Peace," by Leo Tolstoy, The Macmillan Co.
"Citizen Tom Paine," by Howard Fast, Duell, Sloan & Pearce.
"My Native Land," by Louis Adamic, Harper & Brothers.
"One World," by Wendell Willkie, Simon & Schuster.

Listed Once

"Origins of American Revolution," by J. C. Miller, Little, Brown & Co.
"Japan Fights for Asia," by John A. Goette, Harcourt, Brace.
"Tragedy at Law," by Cyril Hare, Harcourt, Brace.
"The English People," by D. W. Brogan, Alfred A. Knopf.
"Against a Darkening Sky," by Janet Lewis, Doubleday, Doran.
"In Search of Myself," by Hans Natonek, G. P. Putnam & Sons.
"Winter's Tales," by Isak Dinesen, Random House.
"Brothers Under the Skin," by Carey McWilliams, Little, Brown & Co.
"Mahan on Naval Warfare," edited by Allan Westcott, Little, Brown & Co.
"E. M. Forster," by Lionel Trilling, New Directions.
"*History of Music in Performance*," by Frederick Dorian, W. W. Norton.
"Ziba," by James Pipes, University of Oklahoma Press.
"The New Pet," by Marjorie Flack, Doubleday, Doran.
"A Certain Measure," by Ellen Glasgow, Harcourt, Brace.
"South American Journey," by Waldo Frank, Duell, Sloan & Pearce.
"Part of a Lifetime," by Lee Simonson, Duell, Sloan & Pearce.
"Pioneer to the Past," by Charles Breasted, Charles Scribner's Sons.
"The Spy in America," by George S. Bryan, J. B. Lippincott.
"Way for America," by Alexander K. Laing, Duell, Sloan & Pearce.
"English Social History," by G. M. Trevelyan, Longmans, Green.
"The Innocent Voyage," by Richard Hughes, Harper & Brothers.
"Dictionary of American Biography," Charles Scribner's Sons.
"Men, Women and Dogs," by James Thurber, Harcourt, Brace.
"To All Hands," by John Mason Brown, Whittlesey House.
"Bridge to Victory," by Howard Handleman, Random House.
"Eighty-Three Days," by Mark Murphy, E. P. Dutton.
"Four Lillian Hellman Plays," Modern Library.
"Infantry Journal Reader," by J. I. Greene, Doubleday, Doran.
"Stonewall Jackson and the American Civil War," by Col. G. F. R. Henderson, Grosset & Dunlap.
"The Toughest Fighting in the World," by G. H. Johnston, Duell, Sloan & Pearce.
"c/o Postmaster," by Thomas R. St. George, Thomas Y. Crowell.
"United States Foreign Policy," by Walter Lippmann, Little, Brown & Co.
"Intrigue" (Omnibus), by Eric Ambler, Alfred A. Knopf.
"The Republic," by Charles Beard, The Viking Press.
"Freedom and Culture," by John Dewey, G. P. Putnam's Sons.
"Art and Freedom," by Horace Kallen, Duell, Sloan & Pearce.
"Darkness at Noon," by Arthur Koestler, The Macmillan Co.
"An Inquiry into Meaning and Truth," by Bertrand Russell, W. W. Norton.
"*The Hero in History*," by Sidney Hook, John Day.
"In Praise of Wisdom," by Jacob Klatzkin, L. B. Fischer.
"The Growth of American Thought," by Merle Curti, Harper & Brothers.
"The Human Enterprise," by Max Otto, F. C. Crofts.
"Man and His Works," by Edward Lee Thorndike, Harvard University Press.
"The Forgotten Ally," by Pierre Van Paassen, Simon & Schuster.
"See What I Mean," by Lewis Browne, Random House.
"Pilgrim's Way," by Lord Tweedsmuir, Houghton Mifflin.
"A Choice of Kipling's Verse," by T. S. Eliot, Charles Scribner's Sons.
"Democratic Manifesto," by Emory Reves, The Macmillan Co.
"A Time to Act," by Archibald MacLeish, Houghton Mifflin.
"A Sense of Humus," by Bertha Damon, Simon & Schuster.
"Collected Poems of Edwin Arlington Robinson," The Macmillan Co.
"American Diary," by Samuel Grafton, Doubleday, Doran.



"The Worm Ouroboros," by E. R. Eddison, E. P. Dutton.
"Year of Decision," by Bernard DeVoto, Little, Brown & Co.
"Scouting and Patrolling," Infantry Journal Fighting Forces Books.
"The Pilgrim's Regress," by C. S. Lewis, The Macmillan Co.
"The Desire to Please," by Harold Nicolson, Harcourt, Brace.
"*The Wandering Scholars*," by Helen Waddell, Henry Holt.
"History of the Peloponnesian War," by Thucydides, Modern Library.
"Home Front Memo," by Carl Sandburg, Harcourt, Brace.
"Against This Rock," by Louis Zara, Creative Age Press.
"The Stag's Handbook," by McClure and Benét, Alfred A. Knopf.
"Midnight and Jeremiah," by Sterling North, The John Winston Co.
"The Trespassers," by Laura Hobson, Simon & Schuster.
"The Wake of the Prairie Schooner," by Irene D. Paden, The Macmillan Co.
"The Robe," by Lloyd Douglas, Houghton Mifflin.
"On Being a Real Person," by Harry Emerson Fosdick, Harper & Brothers.
"Centennial Summer," by Albert E. Idell, Henry Holt.
"Primer for America," by Robert Tristram Coffin, The Macmillan Co.
"Les Miserables," by Victor Hugo, Modern Library.
"Vanity Fair," by W. M. Thackeray, Modern Library.
"Napoleon at the Channel," by Mrs. S. M. A. Kenanton (Oman), Doubleday, Doran.
"Along These Streets," by Struthers Burt, Charles Scribner's Sons.
"The Promise," by Pearl Buck, John Day.
"The American Spirit," by Charles A. and Mary R. Beard, The Macmillan Co.
"Introduction to English and American Literature," by Somerset Maugham, Doubleday, Doran.
"L'Assamoir," by Emile Zola, Garden City Publishing Co.
"Howard's End," by E. M. Forster, Alfred A. Knopf.
"What to Do with Italy," by La Piana and Salvemini, Duell, Sloan & Pearce.
"Shakespeare," Modern Library.
"This is my Brother," Louis Paul, Crown Publishers.
"A History of the United States," by Dwight L. Dumond, Henry Holt.
"My World and Welcome to It," by James Thurber, Harcourt, Brace.
"Italian Conversation-Grammar," by Gaspy-Otto-Sauer Methods, Brentano's.
"1601," by Mark Twain, Black Cat Press.
"Tower of Steel," by Josephine Lawrence, Little, Brown & Co.
"Coming of Age in Samoa," by Margaret Mead, Blue Ribbon Books.
"Pride and Prejudice," by Jane Austen, Modern Library.
"*Taps for Private Tussie*," by Jesse Stuart, E. P. Dutton.
"Russian Enigma," by W. H. Chamberlin, Charles Scribner's Sons.
"Education at the Cross-Roads," by Jacques Maritain, Yale University Press.
"The Human Situation," by William M. Dixon, Longmans, Green.
"Grand Crossing," by Alexander Saxton, Harper & Brothers.
"The Festive Season," by Jeanne Singer, Harcourt, Brace.
"No Boundary," by Lenore Marshall, Henry Holt.
"The Rise of American Civilization," by Charles A. and Mary R. Beard, The Macmillan Co.
"Wild River," by Anna Louise Strong, Little, Brown & Co.
"The Seventh Cross," by A. Segher, Little, Brown & Co.
"Democratic Ideals and Reality," by Sir Harford Mackinder, Henry Holt.
"The Democratic Spirit," by Bernard Smith, Alfred A. Knopf.
"The Night of the Summer Solstice," by Mark Van Doren, Henry Holt.
"Heart of Europe," by Klaus Mann, L. B. Fischer.
"The War in Maps," by Francis Brown, Oxford University Press.
"Men of Mexico," by James A. Magner, Bruce Publishing Co.
"Since Yesterday," by Frederick Lewis Allen, Blue Ribbon Books.
"A Treasury of Democracy," by Norman Cousins, Coward-McCann.
"Paris Underground," by Etta Shiber, Charles Scribner's Sons.
"The Weeping Wood," by Vicki Baum, Doubleday, Doran.
"Airman's Odyssey," by Antoine de Sainte-Exupéry, Reynal & Hitchcock.
"The Ministry of Fear," by Graham Greene, Viking Press.
"Clemenceau," by Geoffrey Bruun, Cambridge University Press.
"Black Lamb and Grey Falcon," by Rebecca West, The Viking Press.

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The Heroic Revolt

THE SHADOW AND THE GLORY. By John Jennings. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1943. 383 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by PHILIP VAN DOREN STERN

THERE are at least three American Revolutions—the Revolution as it actually was with its secret cabals and its personal jealousies, its financial troubles and its complicated political aspects; then there is the Revolution treated fictionally but realistically by a very few writers of whom Howard Fast is perhaps the best known; and last of all there is the Revolution as Longfellow saw it in "Paul Revere's Ride," in which only the romantic, the picturesque, and the heroic elements are emphasized. John Jennings's novel belongs to the third classification, although the modern need for sticking to the major facts makes his book historically more accurate than Longfellow's celebrated but unduly fanciful poem.

There is, of course, always a larger audience waiting for a good rousing tale of adventure than there is for a novel which makes a serious and mature attempt to interpret a historical era in fictional form. By using a sixteen-year-old boy as his central character, Mr. Jennings is able to put everything in simple and easily understood terms. Young Davy Ferguson enlists for glory, but is wounded at Bunker Hill, where he finds that fighting is not all fun. But he re-enlists and follows the army of the Revolution through its northern campaigns in a pattern of battle adventure that has long since become familiar.

The more obvious and external aspects of the American Revolution have by now been written and rewritten a dozen times, while the true, behind-the-scenes story remains to be told. "The Shadow and the Glory" is not a bad or a dull novel; it is simply a run-of-the-mill product.

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The People Who Built the Dam

WILD RIVER. By Anna Louise Strong. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. An Atlantic Monthly Press Book. 1943. 327 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

MISS STRONG'S story of the Dnieper Dam has about the same relationship to most current novels that a documentary film has to the more typical studio products. Its narrative is simple and purposeful, a sort of dramatized committee report on the building of the dam and the lives of the people who built it. Miss Strong has kept it quite free of the tangential developments and the little plot eddies that the novel usually employs. She moves in as straight and undeviating a line as did the engineers of the Dnieper, the drillers, and the concrete mixers, who had a dam to build and power to produce in one year less than the plans called for—and who had, ten years later, to blow the thing up in the path of Hitler's onrushing armies. This bleakness of purpose, the untiring speed, the desperate ingenuity, the unquestioning sacrifice of smaller and more personal human motives, give to her story its great quality of drive and tension.

Such are the qualities of the documentary. They carry with them too the necessary limitations, when personality and psychology, the mysteries of character and the play of passions, are purposefully neglected, luxuries the documentary cannot afford. Things are in the saddle here, mass purposes and the worship of functional and collective ends, and there is very little room left in the individual for anything else. We may start with an individualist like Stepan Bogdanov, whom we meet at the outset as leader of a gang of young thieves. Stepan is very soon drawn into a collective camp. His energies are channelized toward useful purposes, eventually toward working to master the wild river he loves, on the Dnieper Dam. He rises to become one of the master superintendents, and it is he, ten years later, who prepares the final detonation that must destroy his work. If there is any individual story in the book it is his, yet even Stepan disappears at last against the dominant background. His growth as a builder is accompanied, as far as we can see, by a diminution of his life as an individual. His wishes are more and more those of the committee member, the construction foreman, the state itself, and his behavior and speech are less and less distinguishable from those of every other good comrade around him.

Anna Louise Strong

This is not a complaint that we prefer Stepan the bandit leader to Stepan the useful citizen. It is an indication of what it is the documentary novel, by choice, does and does not offer. It gives you the character of a people working to an end. It does not give you the character of a man moving inside the larger stream. It reduces that man's loves, fears, private thoughts, awareness, to vestigial fragments. But it does give you his place in the scene, and the whole scene itself, with greater definitive clarity precisely because it plays down the personal element. Miss Strong's book is focussed sharply upon the dam; all drama and development belong to it alone.

The Comradeship of Emerson and Alcott

SHELTERING TREE. A Story of the Friendship of Ralph Waldo Emerson and Amos Bronson Alcott. By Hubert H. Hoeltje. Durham: Duke University Press. 1943. 199 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by TOWNSEND SCUDDER III

THE author of this book makes it easier to understand the spiritual and intellectual aims of both these men. To bring alive the mental comradeship of Emerson and Alcott, Mr. Hoeltje has told its story biographically, giving the reader a clear account of significant events and crises in the lives of the two men. In so doing he throws the light of lucid explanation on several episodes rather obscure before: for instance, just why Emerson sent his friend to England, after the Temple School had been killed by public opinion, so that Alcott could be heartened by discovering the extent of his influence over the group of progressive-minded British teachers who had founded Alcott house in Surrey.

When Emerson became Alcott's friend, he became his champion. And Alcott, up to Concord, had been intellectually alone. He needed Emerson for a companion in thinking. As Mr. Hoeltje points out, it was inevitable that these transcendental-minded men should discover obstructions in each other's thoughts. But presently these limitations were forgiven, and no harm done.

Everyone knows of Emerson's many kindnesses to Alcott. If Mr. Hoeltje has a special thesis, it is to show that Emerson also owed a debt. When he was writing "Nature," he drew some of his inspiration from Alcott's talk. Alcott took quiet pride in the thought that this was so. The friendship thus begun, Mr. Hoeltje shows, was founded on a mutual belief in the nobility of man and in the loftiness of aim to which men dare aspire. Surely it is not amiss, today, to be reminded of such a faith.

In its rounded, mellow style, this book might almost be called old-fashioned, save that the skills of modern scholarship are so proficiently used. Yet sentiment, the author knows, belongs with the pursuit of friendship, a truth Alcott himself never forgot. Perhaps, where philosophy is the subject, the book becomes diffuse; puts too heavy a reliance on the method (very cleverly done) of ordered sequences and paraphrases from Emerson's and Alcott's journals. And sometimes the patterns themselves are so neat that one wonders, perhaps unjustly, if the men really thought and lived them thus. Based on this same device, however, there are vivid sections of poignant condensation, such as that dealing with Emerson's trials in young manhood, or Alcott's despair at Fruitlands.

This is a charming book on a topic of real interest in American literary history. It continues Alcott's well-merited rehabilitation. It combines most happily the scholar's care with the fine art of writing—a partnership too often scorned or deemed impossible.

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Girl of the Ships

THE RUNNING TIDE. By Irina Aleksander. Translated by Bernard Guilbert Guerney. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1943. 264 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by L. R. NORTH

THIS is a very spirited and glowing novel of contemporary Russia that calls upon us for only one small feat of orientation. We, who are accustomed to dozens of American novels in which the restless young man runs off to sea, must now imagine how it would be if the passion for ships and voyages should appear in a young girl instead, and how she would pursue this strange career. As a matter of fact it is no longer a strange career for a woman, in Russia, where both sexes have embraced with equal vigor and enthusiasm the revived interest in maritime affairs. Only recently New York City was pleased to entertain Valentina Orlikova, third mate on a Soviet merchant ship. In "The Running Tide" Miss Aleksander gives us an account of Orlikova's career calling her for fictional purposes Galina Sedova. From the days of her childhood along the harbor at Vladivostok, Galina feels drawn to the sea, and more than that, she identifies her own personal dream with the destiny of her country. She listens to an old captain tick off the seven seas that wash upon Russian land, and she muses endlessly upon the ships that will be needed to sail them, and the men and women to man the ships. Strange thoughts for a girl; but we would not say that about a youth. The premise here is that Russian youth, boys and girls alike, share the same life and aspirations.

Galina goes to the Leningrad Naval Academy and becomes a full-fledged young Russian seawoman. The running account we get of that group of students studying and working and sailing on their Baltic practice cruises, and grasping at scraps of love and friendship when they can, is as lively as it can be. Miss Aleksander has infused it with the very spirits that move these young people, romanticism, patriotism, youth. Most of this takes place during that uneasy lull between the Soviet-Nazi pact and the attacks on Russia. Then comes the invasion, in the summer of 1941, and these students become seamen at war. There is a long section describing the siege of Leningrad, done with great graphic power by means of diary, report, and immediate involvement, everything possible to throw different slants of light upon that bitter struggle. By contrast with all the light-heartedness and bloom of spirits that has gone before, this section looms with a tragic intensity. They are the two sides of Russian experience, the simultaneous necessity to build and to defend, when either calls for a lifetime of energy. There are a great many things in Miss Aleksander's book to give us a close apprehension of both of these. Her writing seems to draw us very near to actuality, and perhaps we ought to note that Mr. Guerney's translation brings us equally near to her writing.

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The Youth of China Endures

WAR TIDE. By Lin Taiyi. New York: John Day. 1943. 281 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by KATHARINE SIMONDS

"NO one was a hero, but everyone was a Chinese." That is Lin Taiyi's characteristically simple and matter-of-fact explanation of Chinese resistance. The people of her novel are not heroes; still less are they heroic abstractions escaped from posters, like the Indomitable Chinese Soldier, the Gallant Chinese Woman; they are just small, fallible, familiar human beings, so warm and so real that in no time at all you forget that they are foreigners facing situations entirely outside our experience.

Miss Lin takes a Chinese middle-class family through two years of the war. There is the Old Lady, the grandmother, a fierce, greedy spider, who lives in the Emperor's days still; her spoilt, neurotic, angry son; his silly, sick wife; his dull, nice sister; and his three children; Fa-An, an aviator, Lo-Yin, the heroine, who has her grandmother's strength but not her selfishness, and Little Bean, who is seven. Individually, they are weak: some are killed, some sicken, some break, but the group gathers strength. The menace which they confront starts by seeming superhuman, but once they learn to face it, it proves to be only human after all.

Yet the strength of Fa-An and Yo-Lin, and of Shen, Fa-An's fellow aviator, is not unfeeling; they are all sensitive and affectionate; gay and amusing. They do not even hate the Japs, who to them are a strange, hairy, solemn little race, trained in a ghastly creed, unreal creatures, who will crumble like their own papier maché if you have courage—and weapons.

The story begins in the lull between wars, when even the children "did not have to learn from books that war was coming—for it was in their lives." Mr. Tai, who once had money, is running a small and unsuccessful silk shop in Hangchow; Fa-An marries the pretty, lazy Royal Pearl, with all the traditional red and gold lacquer pomp; Lo-Yin goes to college where she is trained to march and carry a gun. The chief concern of the family is the Old Lady's determination to marry off Lo-Yin against her will.

Then the war comes, blowing away all the half hopes and dubieties of the truce. Soon the Japanese are upon Hangchow. The Tai family are among the lucky ones: most of them survive. Lo-Yin, unaided by her natural ally Fa-An, must hold her family together; she gets them out of Hangchow, though not before the shop is destroyed, and Royal Pearl narrowly escapes rape; takes them across China, through bombed cities, by crowded train and machine-gunned boat, to Hankow, where they can rest at least temporarily. Lo-Yin not only manages all of them but takes on a stray twelve-year-old boy who is in a state of shock from seeing his mother murdered.

There is nothing romantic or melodramatic about Miss Lin's account of how all this was done. She has time not only for the big scenes and the main characters, but also for small moments of pathos and humor, and minor pictures, like those of the false, hearty Mrs. Wu the matchmaker; Lee Pope, the omnipresent neighbor, and Dragon Eye, the noisy, gay, bouncy young girl, who nurses the wounded, carries stretchers off the battlefield, or captures Japs with equal aplomb.

Lin Taiyi

As a novel, it is good reading, always warm, lively, sympathetic. As a testimony to the strength and courage of China, and especially the youth of China, it is both moving and convincing. As a book by a seventeen-year-old, it is a remarkable achievement.

Kansas Allegory: Grasshoppers Into Nazis

THE LOCUSTS. By Otto Schrag. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1943. 565 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by CARVEL COLLINS

THIS is a peculiar novel. Its first peculiarity is that the author writes about settlers in Kansas when his first-hand acquaintance with America is limited to a tour of the country in 1935 and a few years spent here since his escape from a Nazi prison. But what is most surprising about the book is that with its many faults it is able to hold the reader's interest as well as it does.

There is too much description of the life processes of the locusts; and the reader, who migrates with the insects, is likely to tire of the accounts of their effect upon people who meet them for the first time. Yet the locusts survive this excessively detailed treatment and impress the reader with their ruthlessness both as literal and symbolic scourges of mankind.

The form of this lengthy novel is far from perfect, too many elements being unnecessarily repeated; as one example, the problems of a Mormon community described at the beginning of the book reappear as the problems of a Mennonite community in the main section. But the reader finds himself not too critical of these flaws in the form, because the author successfully makes the locusts' life cycle the framework of the book.

Too many of the characters seem to be merely types, the native American types often being too much like those with which Bret Harte peopled his artificial frontier. These characters live upon the land, but it is not the land of Kansas, and a reader who comes to the book unencumbered by a practical knowledge of our farming and an interest in accuracy of detail will feel that for Western novels we should turn to the Western novelists. Yet the unreality of the characters and of the land they farm does not prevent one from being caught up by the desperation of the settlers who watch with horror the destruction of the first crops they have planted in their new home.

This unreality emphasizes the allegory of the book, and those who expect a novel to have a "larger meaning" will find adequate symbols here, both specific and general. They can read "Nazis" for the locusts which, hearing "nothing but the sound of their own gnawing," face "in one direction," become a "murderous, predatory" horde, and set out together toward "a glorious goal." For the need of the settlers to destroy the eggs which the locusts deposit in the ground, these readers can substitute the need to destroy the ideas which, as Otto Schrag must know better than most Americans, the Nazis have planted in German youth. To those readers who prefer less dangerously specific interpretations, the words of the leading character as he pleads with the people to stop their quarrels and unite against the locusts can also be a plea for all men to form a community against the enemies of man.

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The Surgical Odyssey of Max Thorek

A SURGEON'S WORLD. By Max Thorek. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1943. 410 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

THIS is an extremely readable book, full of good anecdote, crowded with interesting personalities, written by a man who has himself risen to distinction and through his evolution from immigrant boy to noted surgeon has retained his warm sympathies and his eager curiosities. It is not well written, being too lush and fervent, and as medical annals it is interesting rather than important, but it is excellent personal history, diversified by informative and stimulating discussion of Dr. Thorek's field of work and related subjects, replete with vignettes of men and women in all walks of life, and rich in portrayal of the quirks of human nature which are unfolded to all good medical men.

The early chapters of the book constitute one of those charming and touching stories which have repeated themselves so often in the course of American evolution. Dr. Thorek sketches with nostalgic tenderness the Hungary of his childhood and the dream which led his family to desert its home to seek a new one across the seas. Like so many Europeans who left their countries for the Promised Land across the Atlantic, the Thoreks arrived in the United States to find that the glowing reports of plenty and opportunity which had drawn them to it were illusion and not reality. The uncle, whose happy fortunes they had deduced from letters, could lead them to no greater comfort than a tenement upon their arrival. But there was a firm fibre in the mother especially which met adversity with courage and which armed the youth with ambition. The family settled in Chicago, and the young Hungarian lad rapidly began to make his way. Among the poor of his neighborhood he began to build up a practice, and as time went on (he had married in the meanwhile the sweetheart of his youth who had come to him from Hungary) his reputation spread and he found himself acquiring a fashionable and wealthy patronage. He moved to a handsome home and fine section of the city, but retained his vivid interest in the humble friends who had started him on his career, continuing to minister to many of them even after he had become established as a distinguished and highly successful surgeon.

It was particularly among circus and theatrical folk that Dr. Thorek carried on his work and his book is studded with entertaining tales of these temperamental and picturesque personalities. But it is all good reading, whether he writes of stars of stage and sawdust ring, or whether he enters at length into the story of Cook whose version of his conquest of the Pole Dr. Thorek is inclined to accept, or describes the ills and attitudes of great industrialists and fashionable women, or the troubles of the inhabitants of the slums. The book has warmth and charm and gusto, and reflects an ingratiating personality of quick sympathies and ready helpfulness. There is no more enthralling reading than the chronicle of a medical man who has interest in humanity and knowledge of his profession and his world. Dr. Thorek is such a man and his volume is an engrossing narrative.

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Mr. Kane in Acadian Bayous

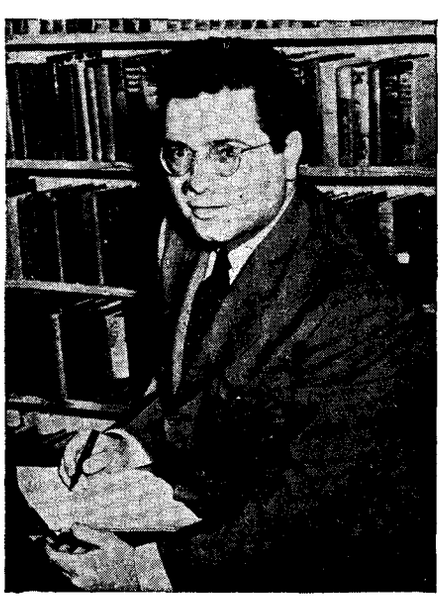
THE BAYOUS OF LOUISIANA. By Harnett T. Kane. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1943. 341 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

NOTHING could better illustrate the paradoxical quality of the good-bad South in general and of Louisiana in particular than the succession of Harnett Kane's work. Two years ago Mr. Kane gave us in "Louisiana Hayride" the best documentation of the theft and thuggery of Huey Long's gang. Now he has written in affection the almost idyllic picture of the State's lazy bayous and the lively French people beside them. It is difficult to recognize the people of this new book as constituents who made the tough and slippery power of the tawdry hero of the first one. The two books together, however, give depth and wholeness to the strange contemporary portrait of the romantic and roughneck, and always dramatic, old State of Louisiana.

Although Mr. Kane writes about Louisiana's bayous, he is not really concerned about the drainage system of a rich low country. He defines and describes his bayous (bi' oo is his Louisiana pronunciation; it can be biar to rhyme with fire along the big river up in Mississippi). Then he moves quickly and with a contagious eagerness to the description of the people beside them. From muskrat trapper to masters of great houses they are a people always charming in their faults as well as in their many virtues.

Mr. Kane tells us the real story of Longfellow's Evangeline who is certainly the best known figure among all those transplanted Acadian French who have put down such strong roots in the wet Louisiana soil. They are, as Mr. Kane presents them, a gay, thrifty, a clannish, and a romantic people. But the Cajuns (a name not always welcomed by the Acadians) are by no means the only people in this country. Long ago the Anglo-Saxon Americans began to push on the country from the North. Other nationalities came in those old days. In recent times oil and other riches have brought in Texans and Middle Westerners.



Harnett Kane

Sometimes they have seemed to overwhelm the French on the lands they have so long occupied. But Mr. Kane is betting on the final triumph of the French. It sounds like a good bet. Certainly if these low country Louisiana French are as charming on the land as they are in Mr. Kane's book about them, it is to be hoped that they will triumph and that in survival they will not be too much changed by the roads and the movies and all the other forces which move in swifter current than the good sluggish bayous. As workers, as lovers, as jokers, as people in their own unique pattern they are a part of America which needs preservation against any push of American uniformity from any source.

Lincoln's Secretary of the Navy

GIDEON WELLES: LINCOLN'S NAVY DEPARTMENT. By Richard S. West, Jr. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1943. 379 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE H. GENZMER

IN this biography-writing land it is astonishing that Gideon Welles, Esq., Secretary of the Navy in the cabinets of Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson, should have rested from his labors for sixty-eight years without being disturbed by a single biographer. There was never any danger, of course, that he would be forgotten. His own indispensable diary-memoir would alone be sufficient to keep his memory alive; no historian of naval or military affairs can traverse the Civil War period without encountering his sturdy figure; and several years ago Professor Howard K. Beale contributed a masterly sketch of him to the "Dictionary of American Biography." But it remained for Professor Richard S. West, Jr., of the United States Naval Academy, to fill an all too obvious gap in our national biography.

He has filled it most handsomely. Research, documentation, index, illustrations are all that could be asked, and the writing is a delight to anyone who knows good English when he sees it. Into an orderly, well-paced narrative of 325 pages, Mr. West has fitted, without crowding, hurrying, or omitting, materials that many a biographer would have inflated to twice their proper bulk.

It is refreshing, also, to catch a Navy man writing with unfeigned enthusiasm about a Secretary of the Navy; but if ever the head of that department earned this unusual honor, his name was Gideon Welles. When he took office, on the shortest notice perhaps ever given to a cabinet officer during a national crisis, the United States had a navy department but hardly a navy. Within three months 259 officers of all grades had resigned, and the atmosphere reeked with treason, suspicion, and defeatism. Congress was mulish and the newspapers hostile. Because he refused to give them the spectacular war on the high seas that they craved to fill their columns, the papers caricatured and calumniated him to the end as either a sleepy old fool or a cross-grained, dyed-in-the-wool curmudgeon. The old-fool charge was based on an optical illusion created by Welles's bushy white wig and bushier white chin-whiskers; but the curmudgeon charge was genuine enough. But happy the nation, if it knew its happiness, that has a few honest curmudgeons in high office amidst the alarms, confusions, and chicaneries of war!

Yet in spite of everything Welles succeeded in rebuilding and modernizing the Navy, in finding the right officers and putting them in the right positions, in working with the always difficult Stanton in the War Department and with the frequently meddlesome Seward in the State Department, in waging a victorious war on the Mississippi and its tributaries, and in blockading the Confederacy from the Virginia capes to the mouth of the Rio Grande. Over the whole administration, too, he exercised a steadying, strengthening influence. Not the greatest of Lincoln's cabinet officers, he was the one who deserved—and who received—the President's trust and gratitude unalloyed..

A Boston husband got a letter at his Army camp from his wife. It contained a sketch of their car's instrument panel and said: "That's the exact way the dashboard looks. Do we need a quart of oil?"—*Liberty.*

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Wheeler's Pacific Assignment

THE PACIFIC IS MY BEAT. By Keith Wheeler. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1943. 383 pp. $3.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

HERE is a book with only one important line in it; the last. That line is a question, and the agonized tone of the question shows clearly enough how unclear it can remain, even to a qualified observer, what kind of war is this we have gotten into.

For Keith Wheeler is no cub reporter encountering the fact of death for the first time in the back room of a cheap lodging house. He had been around before the war began; and after it did begin, his first assignment was aboard a heavy cruiser on the Marshall-Gilbert raid, where he saw men he knew and liked being killed uselessly. It does not disturb him any more than violence disturbs any good newspaperman sent to describe it.

It is, in fact, material for a certain amount of literary artistry. He is not as much the artist as Mr. John Hersey, with his heroes of Bataan and Guadalcanal delivering their apothegms in conscious literary form and his cutbacks for contrast. Nevertheless Mr. Wheeler clearly believes that style and structure can serve the end of reporting observed event. This is just as well, for the purpose and passion of the book are not apparent till near the end. It starts as one more of those memoirs of war correspondents which began to be so popular before the struggle became official in September, 1939, and which are now about all the censorships will permit them to write.

It differs from the rest only by being slightly above the average in interest, which is a tribute to Wheeler's ability to find new ways to say old things, since approximately the same scenes have been described before. The Gilbert-Marshall raid; the futile chase of the Japs after Coral Sea; the run with *Hornet* for the bombing of Tokyo. At this point the trail divides; while the other correspondents were off with the fleet to Midway and the fighting round Guadalcanal, Wheeler was exiled to the Aleutians. It must have seemed like a sentence to Siberia even when the Rising Sun bombers came.

He gives no hint of any such feeling or of any regrets. For in the Aleutians at last he has found his peculiar preserve and is settling down to write his story—the story of the battle to recover Attu and Kiska, carried on in continual fog, night, storm, and winter, mainly by the airmen and the submarines. It would be weak to speak of the conduct of our men in this kind of war as gallant and Wheeler does not attempt to do so. He uses no abstract adjectives whatever, merely tells how the fliers he saw, one after another, did things and were killed. The blind struggle seemed nowhere near its end when he brought the original book to a close on a note almost of despair, and a good book it would have been.

But at some point between the date of completed manuscript and the date of bound copies came the expedition to Attu. Wheeler was on it, and in an "Attu Postcript" he has added a new section and a different ending to the work.

This postcript is somewhat more detailed and loosely written than the earlier chapters but it matches perfectly with them and comes up to a new climax. The Japs had been well beaten back on the island, confined to a relatively narrow area. One night the enemy colonel in charge killed his wounded, furnished all who could stand with all the weapons remaining, and attacked our lines in an enterprise of madmen that could have no military result. They broke into the hospital area and killed all the Americans they met, including the doctors, nurses, and wounded. Most of the attackers were shot down; the remainder committed suicide, lying in foxholes, emitting horrible screams and beating the ground with their fists when the ineffective Japanese grenades with which they were trying to blow themselves up failed to go off.

"Must we kill and witness the suicide of a nation of over 70,000,000?" asked Wheeler. He doesn't know; neither do I, but it is what we have to think about.

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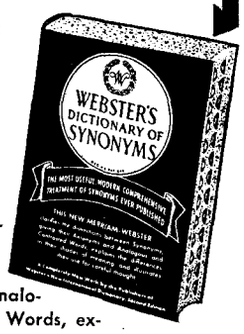

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Four Sisters in Three Wars

TAMBOURINE, TRUMPET AND DRUM. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1943. 356 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BESS JONES

THIS is a novel of four sisters in three wars, a theme of obviously arresting possibilities. But to succeed, it must offer characters worth reading about, it must show them significantly affected by the major crises of their lives (or else a background of war is nothing more than a flimsy backdrop), and the periods covered must be marked by more essential details than passing references to popular songs or the cut of a skirt.

The author has, regrettably, not succeeded in meeting these elementary specifications. She has chosen four sisters whom she has attempted to make appear very different. They are different, but they have merely different ways of showing dulness. The oldest is inhibited, frustrated, and, finally, queer. A second is nothing more than a name. A third has dash but little substance, and the fourth, in whom Miss Kaye-Smith is apparently more interested herself, goes through the stock plot of a wartime romance, an emergency marriage to another man to cover up consequences, and finally, revelation and reconciliation with her husband.

Maybe the author is trying to tell us that the lives of very mediocre and ordinary people are not necessarily deflected by wars, and that what matters most to them, as well as to nearly all other human beings, is what they themselves are feeling about and doing with their existence. Well, that is a legitimate enough purpose, especially if she thinks it true. It is doubtful if she does, however. She must have thought telling a story about these tiresome women revelatory of something. I am afraid all she reveals is that even the most successful and seasoned authors cannot make a flat literary world round.

MID-SEASON ALMANAC

(*Continued from page* 21)

lish translation for the first time. . . . Albert Parry sets down a military record in "Russian Cavalcade." . . . David C. DeJong's "With a Dutch Accent" looks back nostalgically on a boyhood in Holland and describes the experiences of a lad transplanted to the American milieu.

February 3

In "Victory at Midway," Lieut-Commander Griffith Bailey Coale presents battle pictures done as an official artist with the American forces in the Pacific, together with accompanying textual comment. . . . Rex Stout rouses interest in a mystery story with the intriguing title, "Not Quite Dead Enough."

February 4

"The Life and Death of Little Jo," a boy of the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico, gives Robert Bright a chance not only to write a touching story but to draw an illuminating picture of Indian life and people.

February 9

In the "Sea Eagle," James Aldridge, author of "Signed with Their Honor," takes for heroes two English soldiers left in Crete after the defeat of their forces, weaving about them a story of excitement and adventure. . . . **Marjorie** Hayes presents the fictional diary of an old maid who runs a boarding house in New Hampshire in "Homer's Hill."

February 15

The historical student will find a carefully handled portrayal of social, even more than religious, life in Britain in Helen C. White's "Social Criticism in Popular Religious Literature of the Sixteenth Century."

February 21

With no plot, no action, and no thesis, "The Bay of Silence," by Eduardo Mallea, is a novel still worth the publishing as reflecting the background and attitudes of mind of its author's country, Argentina.

February 24

Feminine readers will recognize themselves, mayhap, in the heroine of "The Collected Works of Mrs. Peter Willoughby," a lady whom Mary Elizabeth Plummer describes amusingly as her heroine sees herself in her various ambitions.

March 16

Manufacturing and upper-class country life in Vermont depicted in a novel called "In the Name of Love," by Allene Corliss.

?

"Behind the Steel Wall," by Arvid Fredberg, a Swedish correspondent's inside view of Germany. . . . "Lend-Lease: Weapon for Victory," the inside story by its Administrator, Edward R. Stettinius.

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Sister of Mercy and Hope

AND THEY SHALL WALK. The Life Story of Sister Elizabeth Kenny. Written in collaboration with Martha Ostenso. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1943. 282 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH

SISTER KENNY'S crusade is, as far as I know, unique in the history of medicine. With no knowledge of the nature of the disease and familiar with merely the simplest therapeutics as taught nurses in an Australian hospital, she evolved a treatment for one of the most dreaded of all diseases, infantile paralysis—a treatment that has cured or benefited thousands of cases and incidentally set the medical profession by the ears. It all happened when as a young nurse she went far into the Australian bush to care for a child whom she found moaning with pain from contracted and helpless muscles. She had never seen a case like this. There was no one to help or advise. She wired the symptoms to her friend and teacher, Dr. McDonnell, but while the answer gave her the name of the disease it added that there was no known treatment. But something had to be done to relieve the pain at least. She tried dry heat without results. Then she began applying cloths wrung out of hot water. To her delight the contracted muscles slowly relaxed, the pain disappeared. The child got well and there were no deformities. Such was the beginning of the now famous "Kenny treatment," and with the addition of passive exercises to "reëducate" the muscles, such is still the crux of the cure.

Convinced that she had made a great discovery she appealed to the doctors in Australia. She dreamed of centers scattered over the continent where the disease could be treated by her trained assistants. But with few exceptions the doctors treated her pleas with skepticism or contempt. They had seen the diseased cells in the spinal cord and it was fantastic that a mere nurse who knew little or nothing of pathology should teach them how to treat their patients. But Sister Kenny cared not a rap for theories, results were all she asked. And the thirty-year fight began, interrupted only by World War I when she laid aside for a time her single-handed crusade to nurse wounded Australian soldiers on troop-ships in submarine-infested waters.

Unable to convince Australian doctors, Sister Kenny went to London where again she met only skepticism and indifference. Again and again the experience was repeated until at last she came to America. In Minneapolis, at the University of Minnesota, she met at last doctors who listened respectfully and gave her her chance. Her success was immediate. The community gladly provided her a place where she could segregate her cases, demonstrate her methods, and train other nurses to carry them out. The war was over, honors began to pour in upon her, she was summoned to cities all over the United States, her nurses have been sent to South America. (That all doctors are not yet wholly convinced is due to Sister Kenny's theories of the disease, to her insistence that the affected muscles are not paralyzed but merely "alienated," that for their return to normal functioning all that is needed is release of the spasm and the reëducation of the muscles involved. Her critics' claim is that there is a true paralysis which may or may not be permanent depending upon the degree of destruction in the spinal cord. Few deny, however, the importance of her treatment for a large number of cases and any tendency to belittle her work is rapidly disappearing. In the meanwhile the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis sponsors both Sister Kenny and her skeptics with the hope of resolving the conflict for all time).

In her life story we are told of Sister Kenny's childhood in Australia, of her decision to become a nurse to help the many women in remote places denied access to medical care, of the long fight for recognition, of her final vindication and triumph. It is a one-sided account; naturally, there is no mention of personal failures, and some readers will want to skip a good many pages of the quarrels related in considerable detail. To her credit be it said that Sister Kenny betrays no bitterness. Neither does she suggest any undue modesty. She emerges as a sturdy, single-minded fighter who never questions herself or her mission, nor yields a jot to medical authority. Ironically, her very lack of medical knowledge has helped her in this immensely, for had she known more medicine she would never have had the confidence to sustain the long struggle alone.

"And They Shall Walk" is the amazing success story of an amazing woman who for thirty years pitted her feminine pragmatism against the scientific objections of highly trained medical men and by so doing gave hope and movement to hundreds who without her would have had to face the life of frustrated cripples. And that is something indeed!

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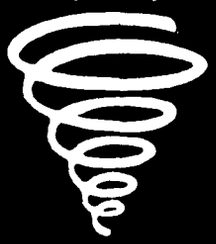

presents:

CHRIST IN THE GHETTO
by SHOLEM ASCH

TWO WORLDS
by ERIKA MANN

HOW TO WOO AND WIN A STRONG WOMAN
by DAVID COHN

HUNGER AND TUMULT
by CLARE LEIGHTON

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The Century of Salvation

A HUNDRED YEARS OF MEDICINE. By C. D. Haagensen and Wyndham E. B. Lloyd. New York: Sheridan House. 1943. 443 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH

ONE reason for reading this book is that it will renew your faith in the potential power of man's spirit and of his brains. It is the story of the latest and most exciting phase of a war as old as human life itself, of the one century in this war whose conquests exceeded all those that went before. The generals have been usually quite simple folk—such as the partially paralyzed chemist Pasteur, the lovable Curies, McDowell the horse and buggy doctor of Kentucky, the modest soldier Walter Reed—and of the same stuff is the army of privates anonymously fighting in quiet laboratories with microscopes, test-tubes, and the like. They are not forgotten in this history, but since its main purpose is to interpret for the layman the complex advances of medicine, it is their accomplishments rather than their personalities that are emphasized.

There could be no modern medicine as we know it today until modern science was born. Yet every past civilization has had its great medicine men, men who with no knowledge of germs, of blood chemistry, of X-ray, no instruments of precision other than their five senses, nevertheless built up an art of medicine and laid the foundation of the exact science it is destined to become. In the first chapters of their history the authors review interestingly the high points of the earlier medicine and conclude the prologue with a vivid picture of the medical situation at the end of the eighteenth century. Then the curtain rises on the nineteenth.

With the discovery of the cell and of germs came a complete revolution in medical thinking. Microscopes, stethoscopes, and dozens of other instruments came into common use for diagnosis, discoveries followed one upon another, the germ theory brought asepsis, asepsis and anesthetics made surgical miracles a commonplace. Obviously there is too much material for one book. But the authors have selected wisely and have provided careful descriptions of the diseases conquered as backgrounds for their history and their cure. Thus in discussing the insulin discovery we are given first a description of diabetes as a metabolic disease, an account of its recognition, the early experiments at its control, and the work that preceded Banting's. The commoner diseases have been chosen to illustrate the various fields of advance; pernicious anemia as an example of blood deficiency, kidney disease for blood chemistry, etc. Following the account of McDowell's famous ovariotomy and the discovery of anesthesia each surgical specialty is given its own chapter. Of special interest are the chapters on brain and thoracic surgery.

An epilogue, "New Social Aspects of Medicine," makes up the book's last section. A chapter on the significance of the aging population is followed by "The Doctor's Dilemma" which refers, of course, to the controversial subject of socialized medicine.

"A Hundred Years of Medicine" is the American edition of a work originally prepared for a British audience. It lacks the fireworks—the excitement with which American journalists have so often infused their accounts of the "men in white." Indeed, to the reader of popular magazines the style may seem pedestrian. But doctors will appreciate its scholarly presentation of their profession's achievements and will be glad to recommend it to readers who enjoy honest science.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. "Peter Ibbetson," by George DuMaurier.
2. Sheridan Whiteside, in "The Man Who Came to Dinner," by Kaufman and Hart.
3. "The Shooting of Dan McGrew," by Robert W. Service.
4. "Ben Hur," by Lew Wallace.
5. Bess, in "The Highwayman," by Alfred Noyes.
6. Ko-Ko and Nanki-Poo, in "The Mikado," by W. S. Gilbert.
7. "Penrod and Sam," by Booth Tarkington.
8. Ernest Pontifex, in "The Way of All Flesh," by Samuel Butler.
9. "Casey at the Bat," by Ernest Lawrence Thayer.
10. "Lochinvar," by Sir Walter Scott.
11. Romeo Montague, in "Romeo and Juliet," by Shakespeare.
12. Tom Sawyer and Becky Thatcher, in "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," by Mark Twain.
13. Belle Watling, in "Gone With the Wind," by Margaret Mitchell.
14. "Jim Bludso," by John Hay.
15. Sherlock Holmes and Prof. Moriarty, in "The Final Problem," by Conan Doyle.
16. Bill Sykes, in "Oliver Twist," by Charles Dickens.
17. M. Hamil, in "The Last Lesson," by Alphonse Daudet.
18. "Silas Marner," by George Eliot.
19. "Lorna Doone," by Richard Blackmore.
20. Phineas Fogg, in "Around the World in 80 Days," by Jules Verne.

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Today's Competing Ideologies

PHILOSOPHIES AT WAR. By Fulton J. Sheen. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1943. 200 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by GEORGE N. SHUSTER

MONSIGNOR SHEEN, author of many books and popular radio preacher, dedicates this book to the thesis that the war is being conducted against an "evil ideology" which can most effectively be described as a doctrine of hostility to Christianity. The Nazi code seems to him a distillate from an assortment of erroneous modern philosophies which together have produced what Professor Sorokin terms a "sensate culture." On the other hand we, who have been called to the crusade against Nazism, have much to regret. Bad habits of thought and action have robbed us of inner certainty and outward stability. We haven't solved our most important problems, and we have placed a higher value on the fleshpots than on the eternal verities. Monsignor Sheen believes that if "morality" were to become our primary concern, all else would be well. His book is in part an attempt to expand what that morality might desirably be.

The argument for a social order deriving its significance from a common dedication to the law and the reverence implicit in Judeo-Christian Theism has been stated in brilliant and effective terms by many thinkers. Monsignor Sheen is eager to clothe it in words the common man can understand. He therefore resorts to sharp antitheses and to a sort of trip-hammer oratorical logic which is, perhaps, more effective on the platform than it is in the library. It is, for example, easier to say that no prayer is ever offered up in a "tax-supported educational institution" than it would be either to prove the assertion or to analyze the many reasons why secular schools are secular. On the other hand, one cannot well believe that the average American is better off for not having concerned himself earnestly and even anxiously with the case for religion. And it is quite probable that writing like Monsignor Sheen's will set in motion a goodly number of brains which have hitherto been unemployed in the field of religious thought.

One chapter in this book presents in simple terms the Catholic idea of social reconstruction. One thinks that much more attention will be paid to this theory of the just political and economic society than was accorded it prior to the war. Essentially, as Monsignor Sheen demonstrates, it advocates the substitution of cöoperation for class warfare. There is also a technique of coöperation, far more realistic than uninformed critics assume. If we really desire peace, we may conceivably even be interested in amity within a nation as well as between nations. At any rate, Monsignor Sheen has a topic here which may some day set the town to talking.

Life on a Salt-Water Farm

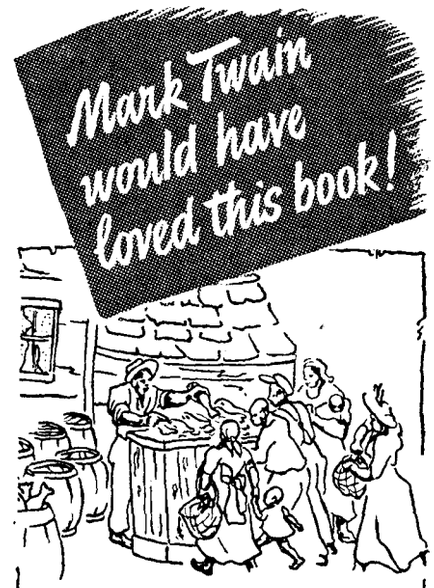
OUR WAY DOWN EAST. By Elinor Graham. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1943. 173 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by LOUISE DICKINSON RICH

THIS is an exceptionally engaging book, partly because Mrs. Graham has a nice eye for the beautiful and dramatic and a nice way with the English language; but mostly, I think, because Mrs. Graham herself is an exceptionally engaging person. Life on a Maine salt-water farm could be pretty grim for a city girl and undoubtedly the Grahams have had their grim moments. But Mrs. Graham hasn't let them get her down. The difficult interludes—things like poison ivy and skirmishes with the Freeport police and the rigors of mud season—she takes in her stride, with no whining and no heroics. The good things to be found in the life she has chosen to lead she writes of with such genuine feeling that some of her chapters—for example, the one dealing with Missy and the goose—come very near to poetry.

Mrs. Graham has the pleasant and endearing ability to laugh at herself harder than she laughs at other people. She also—and perhaps herein lies the chief charm of her book—writes with great enthusiasm and sincerity. There is never a suspicion in the reader's mind that she is striking a literary attitude. If she says certain reactions were hers, you would take your Bible oath that they really were; you know she didn't go home and decide that those were the reactions she wished she'd had.

I hope Mrs. Graham stays on Flying Point and writes some more books about it. But if she has to move, I hope she writes some more books anyhow. No matter where she lived, she'd have fun; so the rest of us would have fun, too, reading about it.



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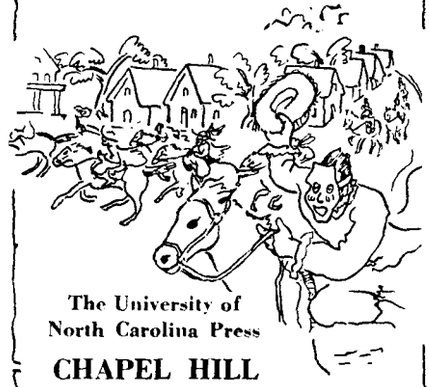

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The Phoenix Nest

NOW that the world is involved in a war for which we have coined the not too attractive word "global," the "East is East and West is West" business, as the average man conceives it, seems to be going by the board. Therefore the following from Elizabeth Jackson of the University of Minnesota Department of English seems to me pertinent:

I see that one of your correspondents quotes my favorite line from "The Ballad of East and West." I wish you would print a comment on the whole poem. The first line is quoted daily. (Nobody ever quotes "The Gipsy Trail"):

Till the junk-sails lift through the houseless drift,
And the east and the west are one."

Then the speaker always goes on to say, "Kipling was wrong." Somebody ought to point out that Kipling wrote the first two lines of "The Ballad of East and West" simply so that he could contradict them himself. The poem is a ballad of border warfare in the traditional manner, with the border moved from Scotland to Afghanistan. The moral is not in the first two lines but in the third and fourth, which are repeated as the final lines of the poem.

But there is neither East nor West,
Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, though they come from
the ends of the earth.

In other words, human nature transcends geography, and Kipling was *right.*

I presume it was Dr. Canby's "Thoreau" that inspired the following. Anyway, it is a good sonnet, from Harlan Roberson of Rock Port, Missouri:

The re-reading of "Walden," in the reflected light of a recent biography of Thoreau, inspired the underscribed fledgling cuckoo, which you have my permission to use if you feel it will not befoul *The Phoenix Nest.* Title: "The Hermit."

Who has not been the Hermit's Walden guest,
Lodged spaciously beneath a cedar tree?
This woodsmaster of bean economy
Resets old saws for pruning minds oppressed
By time-consuming gadgets man had best
Be purged from, if he would stand straight and free.
Some laugh at him; and some, from India's Sea,
Make doctrine, put his marching words to test.
He brought new definitions to the old,
We cannot pigeon-hole him even now.
His simple subtleties have lasted far
Beyond the doubtful age that heard them told.
Naïve sophisticate was he, whose brow
Faced toward the sun he called a morning star.

Which gives me the opportunity to get in two plugs, one for Dr. Canby's "Walt Whitman" and one for a pendant to that, the fact that the screen and stage actor, Ralph Bellamy, (in "Tomorrow the World" at the Barrymore), has recently done for RCA Victor a series of records from Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass." They include "So Long!" from "Songs of Parting," "O, Star of France" (which poem the *SRL* recently reprinted as pertinent to the present), "To a Foiled European Revolutionnaire" (equally pertinent today), "Vigil Strange I Kept," "Long, Too Long, America," "For You, O Democracy," and many others. Mr. Bellamy has done a job to be proud of on these records, and every American should either become acquainted with Whitman through them or make them an essential part of his record library. They are educational in the best and broadest sense. I'd like to see them played in all the schools of the country!

The following from I. L. Salomon of this city speaks for itself:

Dear Mr. Benét:
"He has been dead sixty-two years."—*Houghton Mifflin Advt. in SRL.*
Walt Whitman's dead but fifty odd,
Not 6 times 10 plus years, by God!

To which I should like to add:

It seems, from what I've heard and read
Just now—that Old Walt *isn't* dead!

It seems, also, from recent developments in Washington and in Wall Street that the wide-eyed innocence of an innocuous little remark of mine last summer, which seemed to stir up so much discussion, wasn't so silly after all in regard to monopolistic pressure-groups and that panicky feeling among the privileged when it looks as though the big days of private profit were coming to an end. Also, the ugly opposition in Congress of a few troglodyte senators to the passage of the Anti-Poll Tax Bill continues to make us all ashamed; but then, in another connection, the New York Young Republican Club has demanded

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the removal of Harrison Spangler, chairman of the Republican National Committee, "for failing to give the Republican party the type of leadership which it deserves and needs in these times."

I thank Brother Gregory of St. Joseph's College, Yorkton, Saskatchewan, for his amusing rhyme *á la Comte de Resseguier*. I can only say to him that, if Mr. Lamont and I do not always see eye to eye, I think we have a mutual respect for each other. From a New York State Librarian who requests that she be nameless, comes the following:

> I didn't know that anyone else had ever read "Red Coat Captain" except the late Professor Phelps. And when he called it "the pure white lily in the author's garden" or something like that, I, then at the impressionable age, set out to find and own a copy. But much as I love it, it is *not* a children's book. Of that I am sure.
>
> Do you know Alfred Ollivant's other book, "The Gentleman?" It's a grand mixture of glamor, gore and high romance, but the marvel to me of Alfred Ollivant has always been that he should have written those three books so utterly unlike.

She is right, that "Red Coat Captain" is not really a children's book, and I was stupid to intimate that it was. Ollivant followed that glorious lack-of-rule that publishers are always trying to excise from an author. He refused to be pigeonholed. He wrote what and as he pleased. The trouble with authorship in America is that it has become a matter of high-pressure salesmanship. Somewhere outside the ballyhoo in the big tent you can usually find a man or woman, tucked away, who is really doing some writing. They're no good to any publisher; but sometimes they become literature. Ollivant had one big success because he happened to like dogs, and the last of the gray dogs of Kenmuir was even made into a fine English moving picture, called "To The Victor." It's interesting to think of that now, with the late Eric Knight's "Lassie Come Home" the success it is. So was "Bob, Son of Battle." But its sequel, "Danny," wasn't; and Ollivant was rubber-stamped as a writer of dog-stories. That finished him.

THE STRONG SWIMMER

It's here in an old A. P. despatch
From the Coast, of a broadcast there—
One item of news from a tattered batch;
What an Ensign said on the Air!

I have a story fit to tell,
In head and heart a song:
A burning blue Pacific swell;
A raft that was towed along.

Out in the bloody Solomon Isles
Destroyer *Gregory* gone;
Ocean that kills for all her smiles,
And darkness coming on.

Destroyer's raft bobbed on the tide
Loaded with wounded men.
Ensign and seaman clung her side.
Seaward she drifted then.

A mess-attendant, a Negro man,
Mighty of chest and limb,
Spoke up: "I'll tow you all I can
As long as I can swim."

Naked, he wound his waist with a line;
Slipped smoothly overside,
Where the red bubble tells the brine
That sharks have sheared the tide.

"I'm goin' to tow this old craft in
Since we ain't got not one oar,"
He breathed, as the water lapped his chin;
And he inched that raft ashore.

Strongly he stroked, and long he hauled—
No breath for any song.
His wounded mates clung close, appalled.
He towed that raft along.

Clear to the eye the darkening swell
Where glimmering dangers glide;
The raft of sailors grimed from Hell
Afloat on a smoky tide—

And a dark shoulder and muscled arm
Lunging, steady and strong.
The messman, their brother, who bears a charm,
Is towing their raft along.

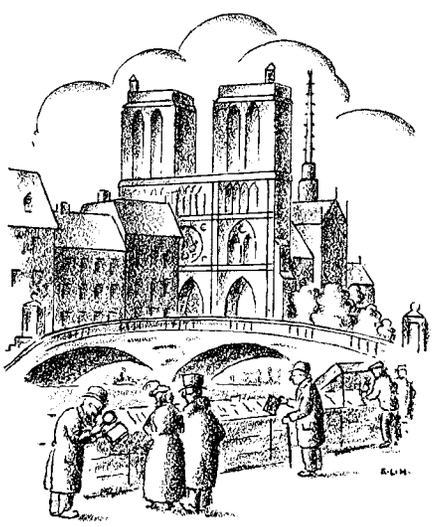
He gasped, *"Just say if I'm goin' right!"*
Yes, brother, right you are!
Danger of ocean or dark of night,
You steer by one clear star.

Six hours crawled by. . . . A barge in sight
With the raft just off the shore. . . .
The messman coughed, "Sure, I'm all right."
He was just as he was before.

And all that they knew was they called him "French"—
Not quite a name to sing.
Green jungle hell or desert trench,
No man did a braver thing.

He's burned a story in my brain,
Set in my heart a song.
He and his like, by wave and main,
World without end—*and not in vain*—
Are towing this world along!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.



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The Crostics Club

WALTER PALMER, Media, Pa., President of the Delaware County Scientific Society, reminded us pleasantly of his family's loyalty through the years, and his appreciative letter was accompanied by a realistic pen-and-ink sketch of a corner of his library awaiting DC-501, made especially for our 500th, even with the familiar reference books clearly labeled. I hope that we can get it across to you sometime. Mr. Palmer once confounded me with a beautifully-drawn DC Greeting in chemistry symbols which I admired immensely while admitting my helplessness to solve one word of it!

W. B. Boger, Washington, D. C., urges me not to use quotations that connect with the subject of a special issue of the *SRL*, as much too transparent. He cites particularly the California one. Now, I knew that would be easy for some of you; but it was so true, and as a bit of affection for our Will Irwin and his wife, a well-known writer too, I did want to use it, despite its give-away *beautiful, wonderful,* and *California.* Yet, Dr. Romola Lyons, Englewood, N. J., especially welcomed it as, done without too much exertion, it gave her "ego quite a lift"; for after a hard day's medical work, though, as a rule, she finds DCs relaxing, she has spent "blood, sweat, and tears" on them!

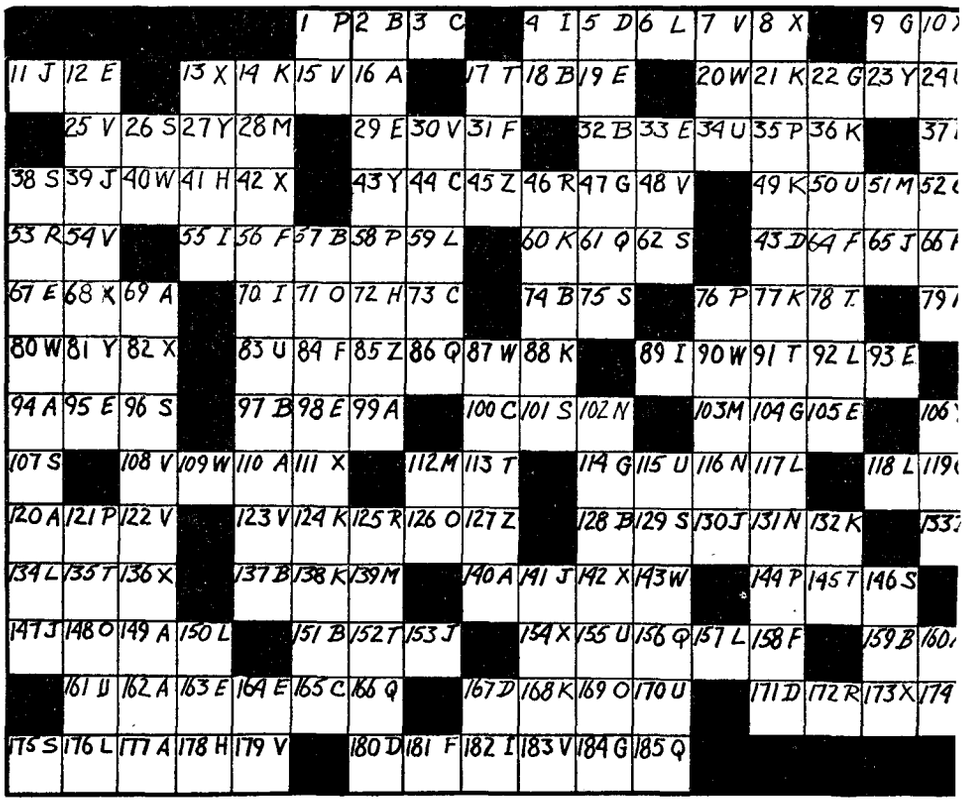
Perhaps the Emerson DC, chosen in connection with the issue on books for youth, was not so transparent. As you must have divined, it was not great poetry, but a simple Emersonian expression of a universal experience, though perhaps a bit outmoded in these days of mechanical upbringing. Emerson was, as Van Wyck Brooks so searchingly points out, "sui generis"—"there was something bleached and dry in the best of his verse, like that of an age-old wisdom, exposed for thousands of years to sun and wind, and a strong, clear, bracing mountain air seemed to have blown over it."

But there are poets and poets, aren't there? In reading recently from "Andrea del Sarto" with its "Ah, but a man's search should exceed his grasp, Or what's a heaven for?" I was reminded by one of those unreasoning associations of a dedicatory stanza on a metal tablet placed in a rock in Babson Park, Mass., which ran something like this:

Bite off more than you can chew,
then chew it;
Plan for more than you can do,
then do it;
Hitch your wagon to a star—
Keep your seat, and there you are!

Shades of our family aunt who tried to teach us table manners, say I!

The Walter Lippmann DC was done when the book came out, but other current books managed to get between. E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 506

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 55 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Collection of Sketches by Thackeray (1848).
B. Members of a party conciliatory to the South (1850—Massachusetts).
C. Of the same nature; a matter of indifference (2 wds.)
D. Reproved harshly (with *at*).
E. Injunction to keep the matter quiet (3 wds.)
F. To conform to; accept as valid (2 wds.)
G. An implement of the polished-stone age.
H. Hero of drama by Schiller and opera by Rossini.
I. A port; place of safety.
J. Seat of famous religious Mysteries (Gr.)
K. One thing and another (3 wds.)
L. In what direction? (naut. query; 2 wds.)
M. Pertaining to a school of philosophy founded by Phaedo.
N. Surname of "Light-Horse Harry."
O. Beethoven Symphony used for Victory.
P. The Western dialect of Finnish.
Q. German poet and writer (1797-1856).
R. Number of symphonies by Beethoven.
S. Very strong; close; mean.
T. God of wisdom or prudence (Hindu).
U. German astronomer (1738-1822) (Uranus).
V. The Amendment that repealed the 18th.
W. Great Italian actor (1829-1916).
X. Severe treatment of a prisoner to extort confession (2 wds.)
Y. Completely done for; at an end (2 wds.)
Z. A unit of a college cheer.

WORDS

177 162 99 16 120 160 140 69 149 94 1
128 57 137 151 159 18 97 2 74 32
100 44 73 165 52 3
133 5 171 167 63 180
163 95 164 12 93 98 67 105 29 33
64 79 181 158 31 56 84
184 47 104 9 22 114 119
66 41 72 178
70 55 182 4 89
153 39 11 130 65 141 147
60 138 168 49 14 88 132 36 77 124
118 92 134 6 59 157 150 176 117
139 28 51 112 103
131 116 102
174 71 169 126 148
1 144 58 35 121 76
61 156 86 166 185
172 125 46 53
26 101 129 75 175 38 107 96 62 146
91 17 145 78 113 152 135
50 170 155 83 161 115 34 24
7 108 122 30 48 179 123 183 15 54
20 87 80 40 90 143 109
154 8 10 42 13 136 82 142 68 111
106 13 27 81 43
85 45 127

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war nerves?
melancholia?
weltschmerz?
mal de siecle?
xmas gift problem?
boredom?

try

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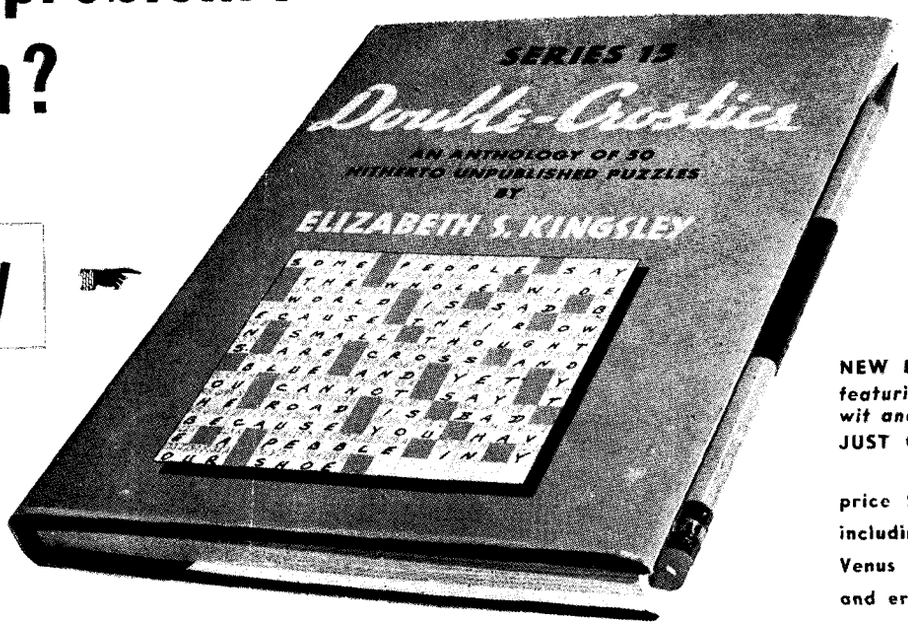

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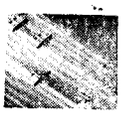

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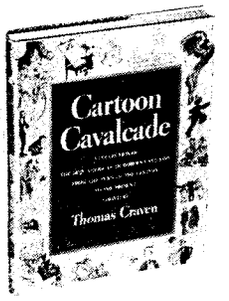

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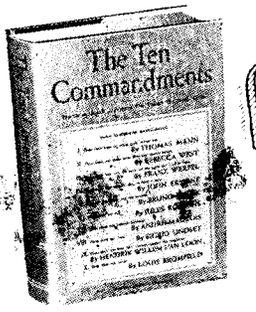

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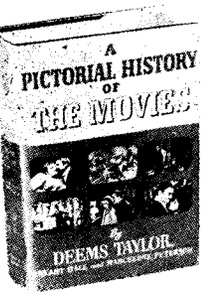

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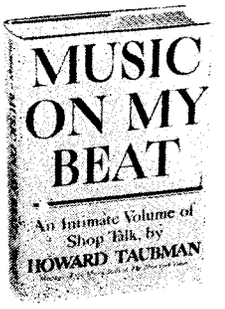

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